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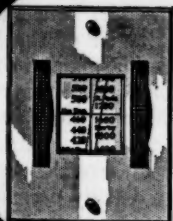
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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

**I**T will be a short and subdued, but not, let us hope, an unhappy Christmas. Serious anxieties face both the State and the individual. But at least we are no longer living in a fool's paradise, as we have been for the past few years. In August, 1931, as in August, 1914, the nation woke up; and now, as then, it is likely to remain awake for some time.

*1931 and all that*

The first issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW this year began with the words—"1931 opens in profound gloom, with the usual fog, the usual deficit, the usual coal stoppage, the usual increase of unemployment, the usual prophecies that the slump is over, which as usual nobody believes. The plain fact is that nobody knows whether prices have touched bottom in the world-markets, and while that is so, business is carried on from hand to mouth."

"Here at home," the writer continued, "we have to add a slump in politics to the slump in business. With a Government that does not govern and two Oppositions that do not oppose, the Parliamentary ship lies in midstream and simply blocks the fairway. Officers and crew seem happy enough playing their little games on deck, but the nation is becoming tired of these political sports."

Nobody can say that we were excessively optimistic; but nobody, I think, can accuse us of not having told the unpalatable truth in due season. The fact is that 1931 has been a disastrous year for this country, for Europe, and for the world at large; a year of stress and strife against impalpable odds, at whose end we seem almost inclined to say, "the struggle naught availeth."

But this defeatism simply will not do; it is as wide of the mark as the foolish optimism of "a good time coming" so long as you say it is coming every day. The better way is to keep a straight bat, and stonewall steadily if you can't hit the bowling. Sooner or later fate will send down a loose ball that can be hit, but those who retire hurt get no second innings in this particular game.

The doctrine that civilization is doomed is a pestilential heresy. The truth is that civilization is changing its form, and that currency and distribution have lagged behind production, and produced problems which neither statesmen nor bankers nor economists have been able to solve. Here is matter for thought and controversy, but certainly not for despair.

Our troubles are largely due to the fact that progress on the technical and scientific side of production and transport has been more rapid than the old and apparently well-tried principles of social and economic polity could accommodate. The twelve years since the war have seen astonishing advances in very many directions, but it is quite evident that civilization has so far failed to assimilate them.

*The Prospects for 1932*

The coming year will certainly not be an easy one. The economic blizzard shows signs of moderating, but there is no sense in pretending that the gale has dropped; and there will be more than one financial crisis on an international scale before 1932 is out. These things will hit us and certainly hurt us, but we shall pull through—if only by the skin of our teeth.

Our plain business now is to produce more of what we need at home, and to import less from abroad. The orthodox Free Trader, of course, derides this as taking in each other's washing, but unless we do so there will be no washing to take in at all. Since we no longer export coal on the old scale we can no longer import food on the present scale. The corollary is Protection.

In the coming year, then, the old Free Trade policy which dates from Peel and 1846, will be definitely abandoned. In ordinary circumstances one would say that the cost of living would go up, but recent improvements in production and yield have forced it down, and it is by no means certain that the two tendencies will not cancel out. It will be of profound interest to the economist to watch the working of these two conflicting tendencies.

In spite of poverty and depression there still seems to be a certain amount of money about, to judge from the thousands of boxes of hothouse grapes from Holland which have been piling up on the arrival platforms of Liverpool Street Station this week more quickly than the wholesale fruit merchants can remove them. These things are presumably eaten and paid for, and it is one of the standing mysteries of life why they are grown successfully on the other side of the North Sea, and not here.

*The Australian Election*

Australia is to be congratulated on having followed the British lead in electing a National Government. The Scullin administration was not, of course, responsible for the disastrous fall in pastoral prices which directly precipitated the recent economic crisis in the Commonwealth, but its policy was certainly not a success, and Mr. Scullin himself did not impress impartial observers at the 1930 Imperial Conference as a statesman of any calibre.

Mr. Lyons, his destined successor, is less well known in this country than Mr. Bruce, the previous Commonwealth Prime Minister of the Right. But the recent progress of this Tasmanian of fifty from the Labour to the National camp has furnished a startling parallel to Mr. MacDonald's recent change at home, and his clear, firm, attitude towards the economic and political troubles of Australia gives hope of more than a merely personal success.

*All quiet in Cyprus.*

In another part of the Empire firm action seems

to have produced satisfactory results. The recent outbreak in Cyprus has completely died down, and recent reports from the island suggest that there is no longer any fear of the agitation recurring.

In these circumstances, I imagine that the Cypriot bishops who were deported without trial at the time of the disturbances will eventually be allowed to return to their flocks, on their giving an undertaking to refrain from a repetition of their offence. As the moral character of these ecclesiastics is, I am assured, as unimpeachable as their political record is unfortunate, an engagement of this kind would no doubt be readily given and strictly adhered to.

### The Irish Election

A General Election in the Irish Free State early in the New Year is a practical certainty, and Mr. Cosgrave is very wisely making his preparations. His recent public reconciliation with Captain Redmond should rally the old Nationalists, no inconsiderable factor in the country even to-day, to his side, while his promise to assist financially in the erection of the Irish War Memorial has undoubtedly pleased the ex-Unionists, who have long been hoping for official support.

In these circumstances, the prospects of the Irish Government are brighter than for some time past, and Mr. Cosgrave's supporters have high hopes of a sweeping victory. Even if Mr. de Valera is not so dangerous as he is supposed to be, a change of government at Dublin is undesirable from the wider Imperial point of view, and the return of Mr. Cosgrave to power would be in the best interests both of Ireland and of the Empire.

### Spain.

The Spanish Cabinet has been reshuffled, with its more dangerous members still remaining at their old posts, and Señor Zamora has taken the oath as President to the Constitution which he refused to support as Prime Minister. That represents the week's official news from the Peninsula, and there can be no doubt that Spain is facing a hopeless New Year. The Republic has not solved the problems that confronted the monarchy, though it has created some new ones of its own.

The next few months will show how far to the Left the rulers of Spain mean to go, and there is every reason to fear that it will be a long way. Señor Caballero clearly means to carry his measure for the establishment of Soviets, and if he succeeds a definite step will have been taken towards the realization of Trotsky's dream of a Europe Red at both ends. In short, the world will be lucky if before 1932 has run its course a civil war in Spain is not added to its other complications.

### Mr. Henderson and Disarmament.

It seems clear that Mr. Henderson is so lost to all sense of fitness as to be determined to preside over the forthcoming Disarmament Conference. The Government, possibly because it knows the

Conference will be a fiasco, is doing nothing in the matter, so a further brief term of prominence seems assured to the rejected of Burnley. A few more photos, a few more interviews, and after that, oblivion; such seems to be the future in store for the gentleman who will always be remembered in British history as he who led his party "from a recess somewhere behind the Speaker's chair."

### Atlantic Traffics

Shipping circles everywhere confirm the dismal forebodings of the Cunard directors in their recent public statement. A 25,000 ton (slow) steamer left Liverpool lately without one passenger for her 1,500 berths and with 200 tons of cargo. But for her mail subsidy the *Olympic* could hardly continue; even the *Empress of Britain*, popular though she is on the Montreal run, is no gold mine. Undoubtedly it is reputation and personal service that determines a liner's success. But it is the twenty knot eight-day *Britannic* type that is finding present favour among the new poor and ex-millionaires alike.

### Schools and Taxes

Early last summer I gave the case of Eton last year, where, owing to losses in parental incomes, six boys would have left in mid-career but for the Governors' use of surplus funds to tide them over. I was then just beginning my appeal to Headmasters to take time by the forelock over school economies. The real strain is already showing. Winchester is offering a cut of £5 a term; Rugby, a relatively unendowed foundation, is unexpectedly losing forty boys this term. This reminder of the real hardships of direct taxation nowadays will appeal with especial force to one old Rugbeian, a Governor of the School and to-day—Chancellor of the Exchequer.

### Jack Diamond

The professional moralist (if any such survive the strain of modern life) would probably make some very curious reflections on the career of Jack Diamond, who was murdered in New York. Here was a man who preyed on society and helped to corrupt it, who broke most of its covenanted and some of the uncovenanted rules of society; yet he became something like a popular hero. Why?

Partly, I suppose, from the mere fact that a guttersnipe rose from the gutter to be a leader; and on the "better to reign in hell than serve in heaven" principle, a criminal ranks naturally above a churchwarden. All men (and most women) incline to worship a successful man and a leader. But probably there is more in it than that.

After all, this seems a permanent trait of human character, for Robin Hood and Jack Sheppard were equally heroic to the multitude. It is, I suppose, the sneaking admiration of the respectable citizen who has accepted society as it is, for the rebel who refuses to accept it at all, and who turns the weakness and foibles of society to his own account. Society always wins in the end, but perhaps it would be dull without its picturesque ruffians.



## WHAT OF THE NIGHT ?

**M**OST of us will sit down to our turkey and plum pudding this year with the uneasy feeling that next Christmas things may be a good deal worse. At least, if such sentiments do not animate us it will not be the fault of the innumerable Jeremiahs in our midst, for never since the darkest days of the war has such a wave of pessimism swept over the country as is submerging it at the present time. Indeed, there is some danger that in the prevalent gloom we may lose our sense of proportion altogether, and what is known as the festive season would appear to be an appropriate moment to look for once at the more cheerful side of the picture.

In the first place, critical as the financial condition of Great Britain admittedly is, it is far better than that of the United States, which is faced with a deficit of over £800,000,000, while in this country we have the Chancellor of the Exchequer's assurance that the Budget should just about balance. Nor is this all, for the depression and poverty are not as great here as in America. In Chicago the school-teachers have only received one month's pay since last April, while in Philadelphia the banks have refused any further loans to the municipality, with the result that the civic officials have had to be content with payment in scrip, which many of the shops will not accept. None of our own cities has yet been reduced to such straits as these.

The plight of our European neighbours is even worse. In France, the country whose policy has done more than anything else to precipitate the crisis, both the deficit and the numbers of the unemployed are mounting. The parlous condition of Germany is too well known to require more than passing mention, while Hungary is on the verge of disaster, and most of the other Central European

states are in a similar position. In all there is the spectre either of Bolshevism or civil war, whereas that boggy disappeared here at the time of the General Election, and our disorderly elements are easily controlled by a handful of police.

Nor is this all, for we have the resources of the Empire upon which to draw, and these, if properly utilized, are ample to set the British Isles on their feet again. There are, it is true, considerable difficulties in the way of effecting Imperial economic unity, but the first steps towards a constructive policy have been taken. The omens for the forthcoming Ottawa Conference are hopeful, and they should lead eventually to the formation of a British customs union.

Lastly, if the Government leaves a good deal to be desired, or, rather, if some of its members do, we have the best House of Commons that the country has known for many a long year, and Socialism is so discredited that it is doubtful if it will ever revive. The present House of Commons has already displayed a knowledge of the country's needs that augurs extremely well for the future, and there is no danger that, as in recent Parliaments, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin will be allowed to mistake the Treasury Bench for a sleeping compartment. The new majority means business, and the nation will wish it more power to its elbow in the New Year.

In these circumstances we may surely be allowed to display a little discreet optimism over the holidays. Relatively we are not so badly off, and if only the Powers would agree to wipe out all debts and reparations that will cancel, the end of 1932 might see us, not only well out of the wood, but back on the highroad to prosperity, both at home and abroad.

## IN BONDAGE TO OIL

By CAPTAIN BERNARD ACWORTH

**A** FORTNIGHT ago I examined dispassionately the technical points at issue between British coal and foreign oil as the fuel of British ships. On technical points there may be room for some controversy but on National and economic grounds there is no case to debate. What reliance can be placed upon a Navy that can be confined to harbour, at foreign pleasure, for lack of fuel, ninety-eight per cent. of which is drawn from foreign lands and all of which is under the influence of International finance?

Every drop of Anglo-Persian oil must be conveyed over the desert in a pipe which a single disgruntled Arab can at any time destroy. If, in our present mood of facile optimism, we assume that the oil reaches the tankers safely, it will need to be convoyed through narrow seas, for oil is now our second Achilles' heel, and more vulnerable than food. Because food and oil convoys will seldom synchronize we need more cruisers, and therefore more oil. We are thus in a vicious circle. In the meantime our cruiser fleet has been reduced to fifty, a number dangerously short of our needs for food convoys alone, disregarding entirely those cruisers that must always be available for operations with the battle fleet. Without a vast and constantly sustained supply of foreign oil the mechanized army cannot fight; the Air Force, or that not unimportant fraction

of it which flies, cannot rise from the ground; a third of our merchant marine cannot move, and road transport must be stilled. Against so great a catastrophe the Navy is the only insurance, and yet the Navy is now dependent, in every unit of the fleet, upon that very oil which it is now its gravest responsibility to safeguard.

With this foreign grip upon the three fighting services, as well as upon a third of our merchant ships, and a great and growing proportion of our transport and shore furnaces, does not something akin to an emergency exist, especially in a world on the brink of that anarchy which is, historically, the parent of war and of war's alarms? Is there not inherent in this predicament a threat that must adversely affect our influence in foreign affairs, and thus our foreign policy?

If so great a strategical bondage does *not* affect our foreign policy it certainly should do so, for we are strategically in a trap that may unexpectedly close on us. Not only does no adequate fuel reserve exist, as the Admiralty has admitted, but the maintenance of such a vast reserve is impracticable when we consider that 50,000,000 tons might be needed each year in the event of war. But the replenishment of any reserve can be prevented by embargo without the movement of a hostile man-of-war. We can, in short, be held to ransom.



It is not, however, to our strategical bondage that I desire chiefly to draw attention. Rather is it to the economic breakdown which the post-war oil craze in all its manifestations has fathered.

I have already recounted the tale of economic woe for which one single British ship is responsible. If this one ship reverted to coal, as she could in a few days, she would transfer to the credit side of our dangerous adverse trade balance her enormous fuel bill, thus cheapening food, and bringing several thousand unemployed British workmen directly, and more indirectly, into full employment. She would, moreover, save the tax-payer certainly not less than £250,000 per annum in Doles, and honest men from latent Bolshevism. If one British ship, by conversion, can accomplish so much, what cannot be done if ship-owners will courageously convert that 5,458,200 tons of British oil-fired tonnage—a great proportion of which could be easily converted—and the Admiralty the Royal Navy? London is to-day papered with incitements to "Buy British and support the £"; "Be British and create employment by land and sea." Well—what of the sea? And what of land transport? In competition with the wholly British, unsubsidized, coal-burning railways we now have a growing, and rapidly congealing, mass of oil-propelled vehicles, destroying within a few months of construction, or reconstruction, a system of roads upon which many hundreds of millions of public funds have been ruthlessly squandered. If a lorry that now pays £50 in tax, and large sums in petrol duty, for the right to earn a handsome profit on a subsidized track were compelled to pay its way, as in an economic world it would be compelled, the tax, instead of being levied in tens of pounds would be levied in thousands. Heavy motor transport, in short, is not economic. On what principle of integrity, of common fairness and common-sense, is a foreign, and for the most part redundant, form of transport allowed to batten on subsidy while its British competitors, the railways and economic horse transport, are forced, unsubsidized, into bankruptcy?

What, again, of so-called commercial and sporting aviation, unimportant as a competing form of transport, but a drunkard of oil and subsidized beyond the dreams of avarice. Of the airship madness, exposed in advance, though characteristically without avail, by Neon in "The Great Delusion," little need be said beyond a reference to the towering mooring-masts and gigantic hangars which stand as hirsute monuments to subsidized human folly. Though the airships have mercifully vanished, Imperial Airways is still with us, drinking oil and distributing public subsidy as largesse to private shareholders. £390 is surely a considerable sum to take by force from taxpayers to enable one person to fly home, precariously and uncomfortably, from Karachi to London, in machines and from landing grounds again provided by the taxpayers. Is a single landing fee of one shilling in four months, or the carriage of four persons, a reasonable return on £120,000, again taken by force from the pockets of almost bankrupt rate-payers?

In road transport and commercial aviation action can immediately be taken, without injustice to anyone, by the stoppage of these vast grants of public funds to the oil industry, for that, in the last analysis, is what these grants signify.

Those of us who are prone to resist this post-war tyranny of subsidy to private enterprises are systematically accused by interested persons of being "unprogressive," or "reactionary." But on what grounds? Most of us who criticize run motor-cars and many of us fly. Surely a form of progress that cannot be sustained without compulsion cannot be true progress. Can anyone seriously maintain that the passenger seated comfortably at lunch in the unsubsidized "Cheltenham Flyer" is observing pro-

gress in the lumbering and subsidized charabanc past which he flashes at fifty miles per hour? How should we regard the unsubsidized train, steamship and cable in relation to the subsidized motor lorry, aeroplane and wireless if the sequence of discovery had been reversed? Are we not apt to regard mere change as progress? And what, in conclusion, of the progressive conversion of shore furnaces from coal-firing to oil-firing? Factories, power stations, laundries and hospitals have become infected with the oil mania, a craze that has now spread to the Episcopal Bench if the recent installation of oil furnaces in Westminster Abbey, Canterbury, Liverpool and Westminster Cathedrals, is a symptom of the prevailing plague. Can they not at least "pray British"?

In this connection it is surely a sobering thought that in the great East River Power Station of New York, the capital of oil-land, inferior American coal is burnt in preference to the use of American oil because it has been found to be more economic. These three furnaces burn 108 tons of pulverized coal per hour, and give employment to 800 American colliers, and thus to some thousands of others who supply their needs. The astute American thus uses his own relatively poor coal which, as a steam raiser, he finds more economic than the oil from his local oil wells, while he lends us his money to enable us to buy his oil and thus to expand to the breaking point our adverse trade balance.

To conclude: while the National Current Account is dangerously over-drawn are we not, one and all, forgetting that mighty Deposit Account underground with which Nature has endowed us? Have we not ready to our hands a great and inspiring policy which will quickly avert our creeping insolvency? Let the Admiralty and the shipowners grasp their nettle and give a lead to the country, as the sea has so often done before. Let those with converted coal furnaces ashore reconvert them in the National Interest which, as always, will prove to be their own interest. Above all let the National Government, if it is truly National, arrest this scandal of subsidy to foreign interests by compelling oil-using vehicles and aircraft to bear the full cost of their operation as do their all-British competitors.

The effects of such a policy, within a week of its formulation, would show a wonderful change in Great Britain's financial and moral outlook.

## A SATURDAY DICTIONARY

### QUOTA

A QUOTA is a part or share made by one or more, out of some contribution to a general total. The word has usually been employed in reference to a local levy of men, taxes, or ships, but there is no reason either in philology or politics, why it should not be extended, as it has been, recently, to wheat or any other product.

There seems to be no record of the use of the word in Tudor or early Stuart times, although the voluntary levies appear, in fact, to have come near to the compulsory quota fixed by authority. The first printed use of the term appears to be in 1668, when "Some certain quotas upon the several parts of the Empire" were mentioned—a phrase which exactly synchronises with its current use to-day in politics.

The word obviously implies the existence of a superior and sovereign authority; a State competent to fix, and if need be, to vary the quota: and as such it would seem more likely to be found in Conservative or Socialist authorities, which take a high view of the State, than in Liberal writers. Actually it has not been much employed for many years, and its revival as a political term since 1928 is almost a curiosity of political philology.

## AN APPROACH TO FRENCH ART

BY ADRIAN BURY

THE glorious pageant of French art which we are soon to witness at the Royal Academy is likely to prove the most diverse of the whole series of great exhibitions held at Burlington House during the past few years.

What is the essential quality of the French genius? Is it not the power to borrow, assimilate and Gallicize the magic of human achievement? If this is accepted, we realize why France is fine in all arts but superior in none. French painting is, of course, rooted in the Byzantine tradition which, during the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries flourished with the Gothic cathedrals and illuminated manuscripts. The easel picture is merely the illustration of the manuscript amplified and liberated from its page, as the monks gained more freedom of thought and greater power of expression.

While Petrarch was studying the classics at Avignon in the early thirteenth century, the first School of Avignon was founded under the patronage of the Papal Court. Its main characteristics were derived from the Sienese painters of the Trecento. Simultaneously the first School of Paris began to evolve under the reign of Charles V., when royal and aristocratic taste encouraged the individual artist, and the secular decoration and portrait ushered in a new era of pictorial development.

The first splendour of the Renaissance in Italy was coming to an end, but before France felt contact with the genius of the supreme Italians, she had come into the Flemish orbit. The long and prosperous civilization of Bruges and Ghent had been celebrated by Van Eyck and Roger Van der Weyden. The Duke of Burgundy, who had emerged rich and powerful after the ruinous Anglo-French wars which culminated in Agincourt, employed Jan Van Eyck, and his exquisite colour and realistic draughtsmanship further enriched French art until the wars with Italy brought in a broader style and Italianized French taste until the eighteenth century.

It was this power to "naturalize" and wed, as it were, the achievements of the north and south that provided France with her luxurious and cosmopolitan culture. The fruit of her tree is abundant, various and curious. She could always attract great artists to her hospitable land. Leonardo, and Del Sarto came to France, and Primaticcio and many other lesser Italian painters brought the afternoon light of the Renaissance into the dark and silent forest of Fontainebleau.

Meanwhile native talent flourished best in portraiture, and we find several generations of charming draughtsmen. Clouet infused his faces with more warmth, tenderness and charm than either Holbein or Memlinc, and he founded a whole epoch of portraiture which is one of the notable achievements of the French school.

The seventeenth century in France was a period of magnificence. The opulence of the cardinals and the power of Louis XIV. gave painting an impetus and opportunity only comparable to that enjoyed in Florence and Rome in the time of Lorenzo De' Medici and Julius II. The new palatial and ecclesiastical buildings everywhere called for a school of decorators in the grand manner. Simon Vouet's Louis XIII. with allegorical figures of France and Navarre, and Eustace Le Sueur's Mass of St. Martin of Tours, are typical of these spacious days. Not only the court and the church demanded art, but the *bourgeoisie* began to collect little pictures and engravings illustrating everyday life with a certain refreshing candour and realism. Here again the influence of the Low Countries was considerable, for

many travelling artists were able to exhibit their works at the St. Germain Fair held annually in Paris. Three painters, whose work is reminiscent of the Dutch school in subject and suggestive of the Spanish in method, were the brothers Le Nain who were content to record contemporary domestic and rustic scenes while their more ambitious colleagues were glorifying the nobility with compliments of a splendid if pompous style.

It was still, however, the duty of all French artists to go to Italy if possible, and preference was given to painters who had worked in Rome. Two of the greatest French artists were never able to resist the spell of the eternal city, Poussin and Claude, who lived and died there. Both had an enormous influence on painting, Poussin by his profound philosophical attitude towards the beauty of the figure, and Claude by his monumental interpretation of landscape. The power of Rome thus flamed anew in these two giants, and thrust itself far into the future to captivate such diverse temperaments as David and Turner.

The eighteenth century in France is perhaps the most intimate moment of French achievement. The delicate and harmonious beauty of Watteau, the lovely realistic grace of Chardin are replete with the gaiety and logic that have come to be associated with the Gallic heart and mind. But the century passed to the thunder of the revolution and the atmosphere of Napoleonic conquest. David became minister for democracy and fine art. The revival of the classic style and subject, at its height, synchronized with the Caesarian megalomania of Buonaparte. To a profound degree Ingres inherited the classic sense. A greater artist, however, than either of these imposed himself upon his time and, gathering up the majesty of Florence and Venice, and the poetry and character of Rubens and Rembrandt, he expressed his emotions with a ferocity and passion that all but obliterated the neo-classics. The romantic movement had begun. And this preoccupation with the emotions helped to create the final great school of French painting, the Impressionists, who sought, in the semi-scientific exploration of light and colour, a new method of extracting beauty out of nature.

If Impressionism is the one great contribution that France has made to originality in pictorial conception, we must not forget that she saw the light first in our own Turner and Constable. But it was for the French painters to perfect a principle which became a guiding one in Europe and America for nearly a hundred years.

As a large section of the Royal Academy will be devoted to this and later developments of French art, the public will at last have an opportunity of comparing the creative effort of the nineteenth century with the past and present.

The Impressionists, Manet, Monet, Degas and Renoir were followed by Cézanne, Van Gogh and Gauguin, the three chief Post-Impressionists. Controversy about these latter is not yet silenced, for critical opinion still disputes the "deification" of Cézanne, and the influential value of Van Gogh and Gauguin. Another battle is raging round the latest Parisian *fauves*, and while some enthusiasts are trying to insert them into the primitive tradition, others are just as resolutely denying their inclusion in great art of any period.

France, who once followed the Low Countries and Italy in painting, now leads the world, but her present leadership is hazardous and dubious. The concentration of all her genius at the Royal Academy will be an aesthetic lesson. We shall gratefully study this exhibition which may well affect the whole course of art in this country for the next fifty years.



## THE FIRST VICTORIA PARLIAMENT

By BRIAN FITZGERALD

ON Monday, November 20th, 1837, Queen Victoria opened her first Parliament. Mr. Abercromby had been re-elected Speaker on the preceding Wednesday, and the intervening days were taken up with the swearing-in of the newly elected members. By midday Monday, the stage was all set for the opening by the Queen.

It was only to be expected that the citizens of London would turn out in their thousands and tens of thousands to welcome her. To begin with, Victoria was but little known to her subjects. In her public appearances hitherto, the old Duchess of Kent had invariably dominated the scene. Besides, "loyalty" and "gallantry" demanded it. As Mr. Lytton Strachey writes, "Sentiment and romance were coming into fashion; and the spectacle of the little girl-queen, innocent, modest, with fair hair and pink cheeks, driving through her capital, filled the hearts of the beholders with raptures of affectionate loyalty." Some two hundred-thousand persons were estimated to have viewed the procession from Buckingham Palace to the Horse Guards. They stood, two unbroken lines of humanity, ten and twelve deep, all along the route; they craned their necks and cheered ecstatically.

The interior of the House of Lords presented an even more magnificent spectacle. By twelve o'clock, the Chamber was practically full. By one, it was quite full. The whole of the benches on the floor and the two side galleries were then occupied by what was described as "the female branches of aristocratic families, all attired in their costliest and most magnificent dresses." What present-day journalists would refer to as a "female invasion" of the Lords must have occurred. For not only did they succeed in gaining admittance, but certain peeresses and their daughters actually took forcible possession of "the front seat in the gallery, which is always specially and exclusively appropriated for the gentlemen of the press," so that only three of the thirty odd reporters could secure places. We are left in little doubt as to how this strange state of affairs came about. It was due to "the persuasive eloquence of their pretty and fascinating faces, accompanied by a few honied words, which the officers could not resist; and which no man, possessed of an atom of susceptibility, to say nothing of gallantry, could, had he been in the officers' places, have withstood." And this, if you please, in the grand old days when men were men, and women—ladies.

A little before two o'clock, a discharge of artillery announced that her Majesty was on her way; followed, a few minutes later, by a fanfare of trumpets. There was a hushed silence, a suspense. The very plumes and feathers of the peeresses bobbed and nodded as if in tremulous anticipation. Her entrance became imminent. Another moment, and she would appear. She appeared. Victoria entered the House. Everyone rose. The side-whiskered, uniformed peers and their ladies—the first people of the land. Well might a contemporary onlooker observe: "It was a touching sight; it was a sublime spectacle; it was one which will never be forgotten by those whose happiness it was to witness it."

The Queen, having taken her seat on the throne, desired the Peers to be seated. Everybody sat down. The men brushed up their whiskers and thought of the Great Duke. The ladies attended to their plumes. The Commons were then summoned into the royal presence. And Her Majesty, having taken the oath against "Popery," was graciously pleased to read the

royal speech. What a speech it was too! "A specimen of more tasteful and effective elocution it has never been my fortune to hear." That was how it struck one observer. He goes on to add:

The most practised speaker in either House of Parliament never rose to deliver his sentiments with more entire composure. . . . Her voice is clear, and her enunciation distinct in no ordinary degree. Her utterance is timed with admirable judgment to the ear; it is the happy medium between too slow and too rapid. . . . In person, she is considerably below the average height. Her figure is good, rather inclined, as far as one could judge from seeing her in her robes of state, to the slender form. . . . Her complexion is clear, and has all the indications of excellent health about it. Her features are small. . . . Her face, without being strikingly handsome, is remarkably pleasant and is indicative of a mild and amiable disposition. . . . Her self-possession was the theme of universal admiration.

The most perfect stillness reigned throughout the Chamber while the Queen was speaking. Then, her speech being ended, Victoria descended from the throne, and "with slow and graceful steps," retired from the House to her robing-room, a few yards distant. Whereupon, both Houses adjourned until five o'clock.

The number of young members in the first Victorian Parliament was unusually great. For the first three weeks of the session, they would congregate by the dozen about the bar or crowd the side-galleries, talking and laughing, and gazing down upon the great men below. There, on the Ministerial bench, was the Whig leader, Lord John Russell, "very small in his black frock-coat of old-fashioned cut, his face half-hidden beneath a hat with an enormous brim . . . the perfect symbol of his party, who advanced the most daring ideas in the most archaic style." There was Lord Palmerston, his Foreign Secretary, looking like "some old retired croupier from Baden." And there was Sir Robert Peel, and there was Lord Stanley, and there was Mr. Bulwer—to say nothing of the inimitable Daniel O'Connell—ever smiling and radiating good health.

But that Parliament is best remembered as the one in which young Benjamin Disraeli, made his *debut*. The story of that maiden speech has often been told: how Disraeli's friends looked forward to his introduction into the House of Commons as an event to be immediately followed by his obtaining for himself an oratorical reputation second to none; how he himself expected he would create an extraordinary sensation, both in the House and in the country, by the power and splendour of his eloquence; and how different was the event from the anticipation! But perhaps it is best told by the author of "Sketches in London," writing in the same year. From him, therefore, I quote:

When he rose, which he did immediately after Mr. O'Connell had concluded his speech, all eyes were fixed on him, and all ears were open to listen to his eloquence. Before he had proceeded far, he furnished a striking illustration of the old story about the mountain in labour bringing forth a mouse. For the first five minutes he was on his legs, the Tories met every burst of laughter, or other manifestation of ridicule which proceeded from the Ministerial benches, with loud cheers. And it is particularly deserving of mention that even Sir Robert Peel, who very rarely cheers any honourable gentleman, not even the most able and accomplished speakers of his own party, greeted Mr. Disraeli's speech with a prodigality of applause which must have been severely trying to the worthy baronet's lungs. . . . By the time he (Disraeli) had got half way through his speech, he was assailed by groans and undergrowls in all their varieties, as well as with continued bursts of laughter. The uproar, indeed, often became so great as completely to drown his voice. . . . At last, losing his temper, which until then he had preserved in a wonderful manner, he paused in the midst of a sentence, and, looking



the Liberals indignantly in the face, raised his hands, and opening his mouth as wide as its dimensions would permit, said, in remarkably loud and almost terrific tones—"Though I sit down now, *the time will come when you will hear me.*" Mr. D'Israeli then sat down amidst renewed roars of laughter, which lasted for some time. . . . He seemed himself to feel deeply mortified at the result of his maiden effort. He sat the whole evening afterwards, namely, from ten till two o'clock in the morning, the very picture of a disappointed man. He scarcely exchanged a word with any other honourable gentleman. He did not cheer when his party cheered, Lord Stanley and Sir Robert Peel; neither did he laugh when they laughed. He folded his arms on his breast for a considerable part of the evening, and seemed to be wrapped up in his own unpleasant reflections.

The same authority goes on to describe the manner and appearance of the future Lord Beaconsfield on that occasion:

Mr. D'Israeli's appearance and manner were very

singular. His dress also was peculiar: it had much of a theatrical aspect. His black hair was long and flowing; and he had a most ample crop of it. His gesture was abundant; he often appeared as if trying with what celerity he could move his body from one side to another, and throw his hands out and draw them in again. At other times he flourished one hand before his face, and then another. His voice, too, is of a very unusual kind: it is powerful, and had every justice done to it in the way of exercise; but there is something peculiar in it which I am at a loss to characterize. His utterance was rapid, and he never seemed at a loss for words. Notwithstanding all the nonsense he spoke, I am convinced he is a man of talent, and possesses many of the requisites of a good debater. I doubt, however, if he will ever acquire any status in the House. His manner and matter created so strong a prejudice against him, that it will be exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, for him ever again to obtain a fair hearing.

Has it not been said: "*Rira bien qui rira le dernier?*"

## THE PRICE OF HAPPINESS

BY PAUL VALERY

**H**APPINESS is a word that has been clothed with all sorts of magic qualities. It is one of those suggestive and illusive words that no two persons would define in the same way, since it is entirely a subjective matter. Happiness has always been held out as a bait to humanity by politicians or reformers who wished thereby either to win the support of men or to inculcate them with their own doctrines. In the pursuit of happiness men, but more especially women, have achieved the most unheard-of things. Its appeal is as instantaneous, especially for women, as a piece of meat that one dangled before a bird of prey.

The capacity for happiness depends entirely on physical condition and the measure of vigour and sensibility that a man or woman possesses which renders him or her impervious to any other outside influence.

There is no doctrine of happiness, for happiness is but an accident and nothing more. Nevertheless, we all possess the faculty of making a doctrine out of such accidental phenomena. Happiness in this way becomes a mirage of sensibility.

The transient quality of happiness is, however, very marked, because one of the essential properties of sensibility is that it tends to disturb internal equilibrium at every moment. We appear to possess an ever present capacity of creating a sense of internal irritation that is so strong that the state of happiness which we feel is often suddenly converted into unrest without there being any apparent reason for it. It is this latent power of producing internal irritation that accounts, for instance, for one's turning over in bed when one is really perfectly comfortable and happy in one position.

Actually, happiness is so ephemeral in character that, even when external conditions and the general state of the mind are at peace and in harmony, it often happens that this sense of happiness is suddenly dissolved, a more intense power and feeling of unrest taking its place spontaneously. Man, in short, always engenders a sufficiency of disruptive forces to dispel the state of calm and peace that he happens to possess at any given time. It is at these moments of rude awakening that he faces the problems of life, and this especially applies to the man possessed of creative instincts. In the latter case the mirage of happiness rarely endures more than a fleeting minute and it goes

almost as quickly as it appears. Happiness is consequently an illusion that no man can maintain for long; its duration indeed is often incalculably short and evanescent.

Happiness again is abnormal because it is incompatible with action—which is the spring of life. For when we are happy there is a break in creative action and the world almost stops still. . . . It is a lull that we all welcome, but subconsciously we must realize that it is abnormal.

How often have we not heard people dilating on the tranquil happiness of the creature that does nothing and lives a negative life? And has not the cow, for instance, often been envied for her apparent stolid content. Yet I very much question whether even the bovine species are really as happy as they seem . . . just as it is not proved that the country lout who has never left his native village is as contented as people say he is. Happiness may be an accident, but it certainly requires imagination.

My conviction is that if there be happiness—or, rather, a mirage that at times submerges our consciousness—it is only attained after great toiling and even suffering. The essence of life is creation, whatever the form we may give to it, and this creation implies perhaps even more pain than childbearing. We must, then, all suffer, for even the least creative man takes a part in the rhythmic creation of existence, and it is only after—or, rather, in the very moment that—we seem to achieve the goal of that creation that we momentarily achieve happiness. In all probability we should never be conscious of it if a long period of suspense and agony had not preceded the culminating moment of realization.

This is my opinion of happiness—that misleading term which has become a cliché and an idol in the modern world. But whatever conclusion we may come to about happiness, it will continue to-morrow as to-day and yesterday to remain the supreme goal of humanity. It is purely a personal problem, and as no system can therefore be devised to bring it within the reach of the generality of men it is idle to pass judgment on its value or significance. Any opinion on happiness is therefore of no import. Yet we shall always continue dreaming happy dreams and blinding ourselves to its real character. Happiness, then, is one of those pleasing images of the mind that will always sway the imagination of the world.

## THE MUMMERS' PLAY

BY H. J. MASSINGHAM

CHRISTMAS Day at the Noel Arms of the mediæval wool-town of Chipping Campden.

First, the bellringers were announced. There were five of them, each with a pair of medium bells, and they played the old common tunes with such earnestness and wistfulness of execution that my thoughts went to Tranter Dewey and the Mellstock Choir.

Even "John Peel" and "Auld Lang Syne," which ought to be a drinking song but grows maudlin from too little rather than too much liquor, acquired a sweetness not their own from these simple musicians and the clear sharp tones of their bells. The spell of the last note hung in the warm and smoke-hazed room until the leader of the Ringers broke it by a comfortable "what's yourn?"

The Mummers then appeared—mostly dressed in top-hats, with smocks, aprons or ancient dressing-gowns, faces daubed with vari-coloured paints and broomsticks in their hands. An ancient addressed the audience and then the play began. After Father Christmas's monologue as the chorus, King George (viz., St. George) appeared and strutted until he was challenged by another doughty knight, a Saracen in a top-hat. They tapped their wooden lathes together until King George fell prone. A doctor entered the sticken field, top-hatted in the mode, but also corked and painted in a manner that would have astonished a Solomon Islander. By-play with a comic assistant who looked like Sam Weller after a day hoeing turnips. The doctor chants:—

"I am the doctor come from Spain,  
To bring the dead to life again."

and King George in his top-hat, his royal smock, and besmeared face rises from the dead, waving his toy sword. To them appeared Beelzebub, an old gentleman carrying a lantern in one hand and a broomstick in the other, and looking in the inevitable top-hat like a decayed town-crier. The members of the caste then tramped round in a circle, stentorically singing this jingle:—

"Me feither died t'other night and left me all his riches,  
An old tomcat, an' paper hat and a pair of leather breeches.  
I looked here, I looked there, I looked over yonder,  
There I saw the old grey goose smiling at the gander.  
House and land at my command and Dobbin in the stable,  
Three old chairs painted red, and a rare old kitchen table."

The epilogue was supplied by Tom Barnes, the blacksmith for fifty-seven years, whose facial beam is "broad as ten thousand beaves of pasture." Between breathless pulls from his mug, he sang the song by which the Morris Dancers used to conclude their programme. There were sixty-nine stanzas, each a foot or so long, and I hadn't the courage to ask him to write them down for me.

One laughed, but wryfully, to such an extent had the good Campdonians distorted and corrupted the old play, though the trye tradition was maintained, at any rate till quite recently, in many a Cotswold village. But here it was pantomimed out of all recognition. Where were the masks and conventional headgear of long streamers? Where was the due reference to the dragon for whose slaying "King George" wins "the Queen of Egypt's daughter," and why in all traditional conscience was the Homeric boaster, George, slain instead of the "Turkey Knight," his foe? These dropped or distorted elements obscured

the illimitable religious landscape behind the orthodox Mummers' Play, whose deeper origins seem to extend beyond the Mysteries, Miracles and Interludes. The reanimation of "King George" in the true play by a "golden frosty drop," is surely a memory of the Elixir of Life, and "Belbybob" should not only carry a "dripping pan" (mediævally used by the Devil to baste souls) but a club, and so trace his ancestry to the phallic giant of Cerne Abbas in Dorset, carved into the turf to Gog and Magog and all the giantly fraternity of most ancient England. It is quite possible, I think, that Belzybob's lineage extends back to the traditional Hercules who had definite associations with archaic England, and the prospectors and colonizers of the early Bronze Age who built Stonehenge gave birth to many a myth and folk-tale of the giants.

When the doctor appeared, making belief of riding a hobby-horse, there was the motley society of strolling players, harried by the law, sung by the poets, welcomed by the great lords at their masques and marriage feasts and denounced by the Puritans. But the kernel of the Mummers' Play is the ceremony of raising the dead, which is unquestionably of an antiquity that stretches many centuries behind the Crusades.

When the doctor, in his top-hat and exuberantly corked eyebrows, chanted the magic formula, unknowingly he mimed the antique ritual to restore the dead to life, to reanimate the dead prince with song and dance and magical mummery in his mound-covered chamber, so that he might live for ever and enter the monolith by his tomb. And why did the doctor in his furry top-hat declare to our mild surprise that his real practice was in Spain? Was it because it was probably from Spain came the first megalithic colonists of England, bringing with them a vanload of precise custom, rite and religious usage—the idea of the circle of standing stones, of the chambered tumulus roofed with hilltop earth, of the central burial chamber in it reached by a covered alley of monumental blocks of stone? But the most sovereign power of all they brought with them were the mystic ceremonies whereby to raise the lordly (only the lordly) dead to life again. So the rustical Mummers of Campden carried into the night a mighty ragbag of dead kings and gods and torn relics of the cult of the dead. What an enchanting curiosity shop!

I wound up Mummers' Night by extracting the recipe of the rum punch which was served hot in a leathern cauldron with a long ladle at the conclusion of the proceedings. The nucleus of the heady brew was a gallon of ale, kept simmering on the fire. To this were added sugar, cinnamon, nutmeg and spices, and into the steaming compost were poured a bottle of whisky, one of old brandy, one of rum and one of sherry. These were to give a little life to it. Then, just for bite and tang, a bottle of Cointreau and another of Benedictine were emptied into a pot seething with potential life-giving qualities like the primeval ooze. It was a great moment when the mystic brew was brought into the circle of expectant faces. Nobody remarked the arrival of the posset; nobody discontinued his affabilities to his neighbour or the company. But a gleam in the eye, a stiffening in the seated manner, a forced note in the conversation, and a something distraught in the responses, made me aware that the ladle was in for many a journey between mug and cauldron.

## ON THE RHINOCEROS TRAIL—II

By W. S. CHADWICK

ON the second occasion of an encounter between lion and rhino, I had been unlucky in my daylight shooting. The rhino seemed to stick so closely to dense thorn country that to approach undetected was very difficult, and so far they had eluded us. So when I came upon a well-trampled glade one morning, in which grew a number of young euphorbia trees and saplings—a favourite food—I decided upon a moonlight vigil.

Preparing a more or less comfortable perch in a tree overlooking the glade, I took up my quarters at sunset, and waited for several hours without anything happening. I was almost beginning to regret my undertaking when two clumsy black shapes emerged from the bush, and sounds of noisy feeding behind them indicated more to follow. Eventually, five rhino emerged and began busily uprooting the young saplings. But, alas for my hopes! None were over two years old, and such youngsters carried little of hide or horn. So I waited, in the hope that more sizeable specimens would follow.

An hour passed, and then one young bull came alone to a dark bush not far from my perch, and commenced to seek further sustenance there. I had observed no sign of life in the vicinity except the five rhino, yet the young bull had been busy barely five minutes when a great shape flashed through the air, and a huge yellow-maned lion landed on his shoulders. Simultaneously two other lithe forms shot from cover and fastened on throat and flank.

The young bull squealed once only, reeled to the shock of the combined attack, and went down with the killers' teeth and claws rending at his body. Mingled with the sounds of crashing bushes, as his comrades fled, came one or two strangled groans from the feebly-kicking victim. Then silence—broken only by the savage growls of the lions, and the tearing sound of rending hide and flesh.

But that feast, too, I disturbed. At the shot which killed the big lion, his companions bounded away, and though they twice returned before dawn I drove them away each time. They kept me in discomfort all night it is true, and I got but little of hide or horn. Yet I do not regard that vigil as wasted.

"All's fair in love and war" is a motto I once saw exemplified in a fight between rhino. Incidentally, its application yielded me a better "bag" than I might otherwise have secured. Queensbury or other rules seem to be totally discounted by the pachyderm, if the fight I saw be any criterion!

I had taken position after sundown on the leeward side of the rhino water trail, and about two miles from the "pan" to which it led. I had waited about an hour when grunts and squeals from the direction of the water led me to expect my quarry. Presently there came up the path a young cow, followed by an apparently mature but rather small bull. The couple seemed on most amicable terms and stopped frequently to demonstrate affection. I was undecided whether to shoot, or to wait on the off-chance of bigger game, when squeals, by no means amicable, sounded from the other direction.

Looking up the path I saw two huge bulls coming down to water, and with their usual ill-mannered stupidity the one in rear kept chivvying the leader to more haste. Really, it was a case of "more haste less speed," as at each dig from the horn of the one in the rear the assaulted leader whirled round, and several minutes were lost in a clashing assault of horns before progress could be resumed. As they saw the lovers approaching, the pair stood and looked

for a moment, and then came on at a purposeful trot. I held my fire and awaited events.

The young bull and cow had also halted, but as the big leader reached them the young bull lumbered determinedly in front of the cow, and, with lowered head and squeals of rage, offered battle. The challenge was promptly accepted, and in a few moments only the rapid movements of the great bodies, the thud of impact, and the occasional clash of horns told of the battle within a rapidly rising dust cloud.

Meanwhile the cow stepped aside to watch the fray, and the other bull proceeded to "make good" by sniffing delicately at the lady, rubbing his ugly nose against her, and making other demonstrations of affection. She, however, seemed indifferent to his advances, and devoted her attention to what might be seen of the fight going on some twenty yards from my hiding-place.

This had been going on for about ten minutes, and the squeals had been replaced by laboured, gasping breathing, when there shot through the cloud of dust a black streak. A thud followed, and the young challenger fell full length across the path and did not rise again. As the dust settled, his antagonist could be seen standing motionless with head held low and flanks heaving convulsively. His victory had evidently been achieved at some cost, and I afterwards found that where a long furrow ploughed his side the jagged ends of two broken ribs protruded. This and other minor injuries had been worked by the long horn of his smaller adversary.

No sooner did the other Lothario perceive his condition than in place of offering "first aid"—as an elephant would have done—he gave a tremendous snort and dashed in with lowered head to complete his erst-while comrade's discomfiture. I was about to punish such a cowardly assault when it struck me that either of the wounded ones might retain sufficient energy to resent my intervention in drastic fashion, or to escape. So I decided to withhold the punishment until later.

The result of the battle was a foregone conclusion. The sorely spent bull had none of his former agility, and could not evade the rushes of his new adversary; while his returns lacked speed and force. Within five minutes he lay helpless, with entrails protruding from a terrible wound in the stomach, and breathing but faintly through blood-flecked nostrils.

As the opportunist victor emerged from the dust cloud, and minced clumsily towards the cause of the trouble, I gave him a .450 behind the shoulder, and he fell in his tracks. At the shot the lady fled up the trail, and the young bull which had first fallen staggered to his feet. As he did so I "put paid" to his account also, and a few seconds later gave the coup-de-grace to his conqueror, already breathing his last.

So by exercising patience I gained an interesting insight into the cost of rhino courtship, the savagery of such combats, and three remarkably fine specimens to replenish a dwindling exchequer.

Nevertheless, I was obliged to build fires and guard my prizes until dawn, lest feline teeth and claws should render the hides worthless.

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## THIS WEEK'S ARGUMENT

## SHOULD REJUVENATION BE ALLOWED ?

YES. BY T. S. DENHAM.

THE prejudice against rejuvenation by gland grafting is, like all biological prejudices, based on the argument that it is "unnatural," revolting or irreligious. We are told that to prolong physical life by surgery is against "Nature." That argument cannot logically be advanced by any person whose life has been saved by amputation of a limb, or the removal of a diseased appendix. On the contrary, civilization has agreed that life in any form, however mutilated, is worth having at any cost. There are hundreds of men walking the streets to-day whose life and looks have been saved by grafting, and blood transfusion. There can be no consistency in a case which maintains that it is "natural" to graft skin and tissue and revolting to graft glands.

Further, there are even more people who owe their health and life to gland extracts. The discovery that the various glands of internal secretion control the bodily and mental functions to a remarkable degree is one of the greatest hopes of modern medicine. Scientists believe that it will enable us by suitable treatment to eliminate the vast majority of "habitual criminals," whose attitude towards life is caused by physical disease. The distinction between the actual grafting of glands and the injection of glands extracts is too fine, from a moral point of view, to be worth consideration.

Gland grafting is illegal in Britain because of this biological prejudice. It is interesting to remember that other races have other biological prejudices. We drink the milk of the cow without any feeling of revulsion. In fact we are so bold as to have a "Drink More Milk" campaign. But the Hindu considers that to take the milk of a cow, which should be a sacred link with its calf, is unnatural and revolting in the extreme. The revulsion has gone so far that the cow has become sacred and in the carrying out of the worship, the Hindu indulges in practises which we in turn would term "revolting"! The Wahabbi considers smoking an offence against God and man, yet we consume some billions of cigarettes a year!

"Unnatural" and "revolting" are, therefore, terms that can be used only with due regard to place and time. What is revolting to-day may become a religious ceremony to-morrow.

With the religious side of the argument it is not possible to deal effectively for obvious reasons, but it may be pointed out that nowhere in the scriptures is there any suggestion that life should not be prolonged. Old age, indeed, was revered when it was accompanied by increased wisdom. If it is a sin to rejuvenate, then it is also a sin to have drains, ambulances, isolation, sterilization and inoculation. Christ was the greatest healer and He made no distinction between young and old when it was a matter of renewing life or healing the body. Those who oppose rejuvenation on religious principles indirectly uphold the mediæval argument that disease and death are sent as punishment for our sins.

So much for the opposition. The positive arguments in favour of rejuvenation must be tempered by the statement that the operation is still in an experimental stage. Dr. Voronoff would be the first to admit this, although he might blame the strong opposition he has had to face for it. Provided that no ill effects result, the prolongation of life would confer many benefits.

We should no longer, for instance, have elderly people fading slowly, a burden to themselves and to the State. We should no longer lose the services of men and women just at the age when they are of

NO. BY LADY DEMETRIADI

EXPERIENCE is the one thing of value without a market price. Although we know its worth we would all prefer to keep our youth rather than attain it. But if we could gain experience and then renew youth, that would surely seem the ideal state for mankind to reach, but I doubt if such a condition is either feasible or desirable. Abnormality is never healthy, and the man or woman who thus combined age with youth would be obviously abnormal. On this ground in the first place I would object to the process of rejuvenation.

The perfect machine has all its parts co-ordinating, and no mechanical device can be called ideal in which any part has been entirely renewed, let alone patched up. Rejuvenation can, however, be but a patching-up process, for so long as we possess memories, and we should not be sane without them, so long will a physical rejuvenation mean that the differing parts of the human machine do not co-ordinate. Physical unison and harmony is not possible unless brain and body beat time together, which is impossible if one is old and the other young.

Life is far too good a game to be spoiled by not keeping to the rules, and one of the rules of life seems to be that we should grow old in a piece. While I advocate that mind and body should tally in age, that by no means implies that they should grow old quickly, for I fully believe that the athlete who keeps his body young but lets his mind rust is as unbalanced as the middle-aged man who with an alert brain neglects to keep his human machine active and healthy. Both alike are sacrificing one half of their nature to the other, but the perfect life should be well balanced.

Our chemists and doctors have made wonderful discoveries and perhaps among the most sensational are the new methods of gland grafting. Steinach, Voronoff and Iscavesco have all alike done marvels in this way, although they themselves acknowledge that so far their gland treatment has been only temporary. Let us, however, give the rejuvenation practitioners their due and own that wonderful results have followed many of their experiments, and that apparently animals and men have renewed their youth owing to gland operations. Men who have thus been treated seem full of energy, and what is possibly even more important, as it shows a certain mental as well as physical result, they lose their sense of fear to a great extent. Surely it may be urged that such a result must be all to the good, and if men desire life, and obviously the most wretched of us do, then why not seize any opportunity of obtaining it.

We all want life but one fleeting thought of the world as it is to-day is enough to convince us that life is a worthless gift to many. The imbecile in the lunatic asylum will shrink back from peril instinctively, but in spite of that fact to the onlooker his life seems worthless. It may be no boon to be granted a new lease of life under certain conditions. Would life be a boon to the man with a mentality of seventy lodged in a body with the desires of twenty? In one of H. G. Wells most vivid short stories he deals with the case of the irresponsible young student and the aged scientist who changed bodies, and the boy grown old was glad to gain release by poison, while the man grown young found his in a fatal street accident.

Einstein says that our glands control our destinies, that everything is predetermined, and that free will does not exist. In spite of the eminent scientist's words most of us cling to our belief in our own free

most use to the world. Very few great men die feeling certain that they have accomplished their life's work. When they do, it is usually because of the failing powers that at present accompany old age.

If it is worth spending many thousands of pounds in saving the life of week-old babies who may, or may not, be of some real service to the world, is it not worth spending far more on prolonging the life of a man who have proved his worth?

Of one thing we may be sure, that if rejuvenation is successful, no laws of persecution will prevent it being practised. The surgeon may have to operate in a remote South Sea island, but he will not lack wealthy patients. This is the danger of persecution.

It will be the wealthy old reprobate, rather than the great poet or scientist, who will be rejuvenated. It is a danger that can be eliminated only by the encouragement of experiments under suitable regulations. In this way can we be sure that the benefits resulting from rejuvenation are bestowed upon the right persons. If rejuvenation is to be limited, the "Honours List" of the future will not award knight-hoods and peerages, but the right to prolonged life.

Opposition and prejudice will get us nowhere. Anæsthetics were opposed in the first instance because the Bible said "In pain and suffering shalt thou bring forth children." Vaccination, motor cars, free education—every advance has been opposed by a certain type of person who sees "dangers" in everything. I venture to suggest that once rejuvenation has passed out of the experimental stage, its opponents will be amongst the first to take advantage of the benefits it confers.

will, though no modern can deny that will is continually and inevitably modified by environment and physical condition. If, however, we admit the feasibility of gland grafting we are admittedly introducing some power into the human body whose influence we cannot fathom; the physical and the mental are so intermingled that who can say how far this process will affect either?

It must be remembered that while to an extent gland grafting has proved successful, the experiment is still in its infancy, and time alone can reveal what the result will be with the passage of years. Life is an experiment, but so much is staked with the throw of the dice when we play with life, that one almost hesitates to take new risks.

It is our duty to keep youth by natural methods, and life rate is steadily rising. By sensible diet, by self control, by sufficient rest, by sane habits of body and of mind we are all able to defy the ravages of age, and it would almost seem that life may be prolonged almost indefinitely by these natural means.

Very different are scientific methods of rejuvenation, and personally I agree with Dean Inge, who speaks of these new methods as revolting to all healthy-minded men and women. In these days when eugenics are playing an important part in our consideration of race history, surely we should hesitate at introducing any practice that might affect the generations to come in some deleterious way of which we know nothing. Gland grafting from animals is prohibited in this country, and I think I am safe in saying that the majority of the population are content that this should be so.

## BROKEN MASTERPIECES

By ARTHUR POWELL

I FELT drawn to the old man the moment I saw him. He sat at the edge of the spacious lawn, an empty pipe drooping from his fingers. With his snowy hair and beard, his clean-chiselled features, and his massive chest, he might have been the model for Michael Angelo's "Jove." He was one of those masterpieces Nature gives us, though rarely, to show us what a man should look like.

A youth, whom I took to be an under-gardener, passed with an empty barrow. He had a wry neck and a leering eye that filled me with disgust. I turned with relief to the old man, and as I drew nearer I saw that his face was the face of hopeless grief.

"A beautiful day," I ventured. His response was polite enough, but listless. However, after I had offered him a pipeful of tobacco he brightened somewhat, thanking me gratefully. I took a seat beside him.

"Forgive me," I said, "but you seem troubled. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"If you only could, sir!" he exclaimed, with a flash of vigour, "—but you can't. Nobody can help me."

We smoked in silence for a time; then he began to talk.

"I'm a toy maker by trade, sir. I lived with my daughter and her husband, and they were very good to me, though toward the end I had a fancy they wanted to be rid of me. I had the back kitchen as a workshop, and my little granddaughter used to spend a lot of time there, prattling away to me and playing with the toys. She was just like a little fairy, with her golden curls and her pink-and-white skin. I fair worshipped her, sir.

"Well, her birthday was nearing, and I was wondering what to give her. Last time, I'd made her a big doll the image of herself. Called it 'Eva,' she did. Eva!—why not make her a Topsy to keep Eva company?"

"So, night after night, after she were a-bed and

asleep, I worked. And though I says it as shouldn't, Topsy were a masterpiece. Bright black eyes, blubbery lips, kinky wool—Topsy to the life, sir!

"Birthday morning she come dancing in, climbed up on the chimley seat, and stood expecting-like, her bonny eyes two stars. I was before the blazing fire, the doll hid behind me. Then I took and stood it on the seat beside her.

"I was fair knocked out, sir—she was frightened! She dithered away from it. 'Take it away,' she screamed, 'Take the ugly black thing away, Gran'pa!'

"All at once I saw it as *she* saw it, a blubbery black monster that had frightened my pet into a fit.

"So I will, love," I soothed her, "there!"—and I turned and thrust the doll into the fire. I heard her cry out behind me, and turned again just as she toppled from the chimley seat to the floor. I was beside her in a moment, but—my God!—I saw that her little neck was broken. She was dead, and I was as guilty as though I had murdered her.

"My daughter rushed in, shrieked, and fell in a swoond. Neighbours came, mad with excitement—cursed me cruel, they did. . . . A policeman. . . . I can't recall much else till I found myself—here."

I glanced up, to see my friend Dr. Ralston beckoning me. The toy maker was relapsing into his old hopeless lassitude. I quietly put my bag of tobacco beside him and joined my friend.

"He told you his story?" asked the Doctor. I nodded, much affected. The youth with the wry neck and the leer passed us, wheeling his barrow upside down. The great House loomed on our left; the walls that encircled the smiling lawns seemed to press closer.

"His story is quite true," the doctor was saying, "—except for a curious mistake in identity."

"Identity? I don't understand."

"It was the doll Topsy that slipped to the floor and broke her neck," said the doctor. "It was his little granddaughter that he . . . thrust into the fire."



## THE MAGIC MIRROR

By D. WILLOUGHBY

BY the man's manner of leaning across the table, and by the way in which the woman had shrunk back into her chair upon the far side, you could guess that he was inciting her to some action or belief, and that she was unready to be persuaded. In her eyes, indeed, there was a glimmer of something near to gentle mockery. Only, the occasional smile which bent the corners of her mouth encouraged her companion to persist.

"If I'm sceptical," it said, "conviction would be pleasant."

At no moment did the man's attention wander from the woman, or hers from him. The hubbub of the crowded café in the rear was nothing to them. Though they had gone on the balcony for sunshine and a view of the river and the trees, they were too interested in each other to heed such things any more.

"It is true," the man said, "and I must teach you it is true. You are beautiful. There's no such beauty as yours in any other human creature."

The woman shook her head slowly.

"I have credited everything else," she replied.

"Why flatter me? I shall be afraid you are insincere about the rest."

But divining her last words were hurtful, she withdrew them quickly.

"I do not mean that," she said. "I understand how it is. Because you have beauty in your mind, you imagine it in my face—"

"It is there," he insisted.

"Even years ago, it was not there," she answered. "When men told me what they thought would be agreeable, they omitted that. It was a compliment from which they had the wisdom to refrain."

The man leaned still nearer to her. Suddenly, he seemed to burn with happiness.

"Chloe, Chloe," he cried. "I am glad about that. I know the reason. I've made a discovery, and it's the most magnificent discovery imaginable. Your beauty is real, but it's new. It never belonged to anybody but me. Nobody else had a fragment of it for enjoyment. You were not lovely until you loved me!"

Then, the two began to laugh together, but, after a while, the woman shook her head again.

"Dear," she said, "I have a blind lover, and it is just as well. In my room, there's a small square of glass which I bought at a cheapjack's stall the other day, and, when next I look into it, my vanity will pass."

But that night she was too gay to remember the glass, and on the following morning she was in a hurry. During the day, however, while she was at work, she said to herself: "My lover calls me beautiful. Perhaps, if I take more trouble about my appearance, I can keep him of that opinion."

Some hours later, in the house where she lodged, she found a packing-case addressed to her. Having borrowed a hammer and a screwdriver, she opened it and saw that it contained a triple mirror.

The carving of the gilt frame was exquisite. Once upon a time, a craftsman, who had grown old making things to sell, had wrought it for his pleasure, and, as he had made a rose here and a flower of the lily there, he had forgotten his puckered skin and withered spirits.

"So," he had said, "I would have worked as a boy, but I had not the skill. Since I have become skilful, I have not had the chances to use my skill, or, it may be, I have let the chances go."

Chloe, of course, knew nothing of the mirror's maker, but she knew her lover was its giver. She

fancied, too, that such a mirror was what she had always desired, though, in fact, she had never as much as dreamed of having one.

"I know nothing of myself until he tells or shows me," was her second thought.

When it came to looking into the three glasses, not casually but intently, she was very careful.

"For good luck," she said, "I must do it the way of the sun," and on the left she saw a beautiful young woman.

"That," she mused, "is I as I might have been. I am sorry he will never see me like that."

Yet, when she peered straight ahead of her, the same face was repeated.

"After all," she pondered. "He may be right. This must be myself as I am, and I am not too bad looking."

While the words formed in her mind, she began to smile, for it occurred to her that they were inadequate.

Before daring to turn towards the glass upon her right, she said a prayer, for she had a notion she was about to see a picture of herself as she would be in the end. "Naturally," she murmured, "I shall be plainer than I am now."

To her surprise, the same face appeared for the third time.

Meeting her lover an hour afterwards, she did not contradict him when he spoke about her beauty. "In the glow of joy," she exclaimed, "a woman must be sightly. I have had the perfect gift from the perfect giver."

This time, it was the man's turn to shake his head. Going up and down the world, he had learned that giver and gift count for nothing unless the receiver be well chosen.

"Anyhow," he said, "you will always be able to see yourself as I see you."

Soon, Chloe grew dissatisfied with the room in which her mirror stood. Everything else in it, from the shabby rugs to the grimy ceiling, had an air of saying "I care for nobody and nobody cares for me." In the past, Chloe had not minded. When a rickety piece of furniture had snarled to her, "What does anything matter?" she had allowed its blasphemy to pass.

Because of her mirror, everything had to be altered, bit by bit.

"If a woman has one splendid thing in her room or in her life," Chloe thought, "the rest must at all events be seemly."

Nearly always, she contrived to have a few flowers in a bowl on the table where her mirror reigned. Often, they were from her lover, but, in weeks when they could not meet, she would stop in the market to buy a bunch. One day, a great spray of blooms was sent her by another man, and, in her secret mind, she was aware that he, too, had seen her beauty, yet, as he had had no part in its creation, she was vexed that he should relish it. Still, she put his blossoms by the mirror, and left them there while she was at work. When she came back, they distressed her and she banished them to the opposite side of the room; but, sitting with them behind her back, she was hardly more comfortable. So, directly it was dark, she took them into the street, where they were found in due course by some lad who gave them to a girl and was suitably rewarded.

Thinking no more of them, Chloe returned to her mirror to sit for a long while in front of it. That evening, there was nothing for her to do, except, eventually, to sleep. She had, I am sorry to say,



many unoccupied evenings, because, as I have heard, there were unjust causes and impediments to prevent her lover being with her.

Sitting with a book on her knees, or with a stocking she proposed to mend, it was good to look up, catching with her eyes the triple echo of his voice. If book or stocking was for a while neglected, it did not matter much.

"I must keep my comeliness," she used to say, and stupid persons would have decided she was growing vain. Seeing so much of herself, she had to pay various attentions to her body, to her complexion, and to what not. She took to buying concoctions for brightening or softening or otherwise embellishing the skin and hair and so on. If they were needless, experimenting with them was none the less amusing.

"What do you think of me?" her eyes asked her lover when he had been parted from her for a longish spell, but there was no anxiety in the question for it had been answered thrice already.

Now and then, however, she had extra increment of pleasure from the man's astonishment.

"It's not quite all me," she once confessed. "These beads round my neck make a difference, and so does some stuff I have taken from a pot—" To the man, it seemed glorious and wonderful that she adorned herself for him.

As the years went on, Chloe had a touch of dread lest the glasses would reveal some loss of charm; but, being magic glasses, they constantly relieved her fears. Age, she decided, was not going to be terrible. When she blew out the candles on either side of the mirror, the darkness did not scare her.

"My heart is young," she thought as she lay in bed; "at least as young as on the day when I unpacked his marvellous present. At this rate, I shall never lose him. Waiting may be woeful, but I can sing and dance because I have somebody for whom to wait."

These things I have related happened long ago in a distant country, and the remainder of the story of Chloe and her lover is unknown to me. When last I visited their town, I was told that they had gone, and I have since been persuaded that they are gone together to the Elysian Fields. For quite lately, Chloe's mirror was exposed for sale at a London auction, and was purchased for a largish sum by a person who deals in articles of virtue. Instead of selling it again at a profit according to his custom, he sent it to a woman for whose beauty he had been, or so he reckoned, a successful bidder.

As I understand, she had sold herself in greed, not in need, being avid for furs and wines, not to mention boxes of chocolates of ostentatious size. Before the dinner with which the trader had planned to celebrate their bargain, she glanced into the triple mirror, intending to pause an instant only.

"This man," she muttered, "is fortunate to have me, and I don't care an atom how I look."

Being without reverence for herself or for any human being or for the gods, she looked contrariwise into the glass, taking her first glance into the panel on the right which foretold the future. Immediately, she began to stare, and, after staring, she would have twisted round, but her eyes were held as though by vision of a medusal head. Indeed, what she saw was not the face she had esteemed her fortune. Instead, scowling and leering at her by turns was a decayed and graceless drab.

Not until the trader's knock sounded on her door did fear destroying fear give her force to leave the mirror. Then, crouching in a dim corner, while he knocked and knocked again, she was without the courage either to admit him or to tell him to be gone. Of what she did in the end I have no idea, and there are plenty who will think it does not matter in the least.

## THEATRE By GILBERT WAKEFIELD

"Can the Leopard . . . ?" By Ronald Jeans. Haymarket.

At its second performance at the Haymarket, Mr. Ronald Jeans' new piece, "Can the Leopard . . . ?" played fully a quarter of an hour too long. However, by the time these words appear, I have little doubt that the final curtain will be falling round about eleven o'clock, whereby the play, if the excisions have been made intelligently, will be greatly improved, and Mr. Horace Watson will be congratulating himself on having, at rather long last, answered that conundrum which theatrical managers are forever assuring one another is unanswerable: What does the Public Want?

The answer involves the following conclusions, which West End managers will probably find startling and almost incredible, though if only they consulted theatre-goers instead of theatrical authorities, they might have been aware of them years ago. That the British theatre-going public prefers straightforward plays to dramatized philosophy; comedy to satire; farce to comedy; and second-rate plays about familiar, recognizable English people to even first-rate plays concerning Frenchmen, Russians, Spaniards, or any others of those utterly incomprehensible and questionably sane things called Foreigners.

Compared with the average theatrical entertainment of the English playhouses, "Can the Leopard . . . ?" is by no means second-rate; and I have no slightest hesitation in including it among the six best plays now on in London. Its story is slight, and its construction weak; but apart from one or two patches of comparative tedium, it is continuously entertaining, witty and amusing.

The first act is the best. That is where Mr. Jeans' construction is faulty. He has used up far too much of his best material in the first three-quarters of an hour, and left himself a little on the short side in his second. To explain this, I must tell you that his story is about a charming, but utterly impractical young woman (she lives in Chelsea and hobnobs with Art), whose helplessness so fascinates a very practical young architect, that within half an hour of seeing her for the first time as a prospective tenant of her furnished studio, he is thinking of her as a prospective wife. In this act Mr. Jeans has quite brilliantly combined his portraits of these two contrasted characters with a credible and continuously progressive story.

Six months later they are married, and living in conventional respectability in Westminster. What, apart from his story (which is of secondary importance), has Mr. Jeans to tell us here? That Harriet is still impractical and careless, while Richard is still meticulous and tidy. But we soon discover that those qualities which were delightful and amusing in a strange young woman, are very much less fascinating, indeed are extremely inconvenient and irritating in a wife; and similarly that what was admirable and very useful in a prospective tenant, is sheer old-womanly fussiness in a husband.

For instance, to take what Harriet would rank among her peccadillos, there was that matter of the bought lampshade. Morning after morning her husband gave what were virtually instructions that Harriet should buy it. And evening after evening he returned from his office to find the lamp as naked as ever. Not that Harriet was aesthetically hostile to lampshades; though the lamp's indecent nudity offended her much less than it offended Richard. Not that she was callously indifferent to Richard's wishes. Not even that she utterly forgot the lampshade. But

she remembered it only at the wrong moments—in her bath, for instance, or at the hairdresser's. And at last her husband had to purchase it himself, because a wealthy American client was coming to dine with them that night. At least that was the plan. But this time Harriet had passed from simple misdemeanour to what domestically was criminal negligence. At seven o'clock Richard discovered that no dinner had been ordered; and to save his face he took his guest to the Savoy, leaving Harriet at home in a state of rebellious indignation.

It is at this point that, for the first time, Mr. Jeans is driven to use theatrical contrivance, instead of human character, for the development of his story. Five minutes after Richard has left the flat, Nicholas Waterlow, an aesthetic young Zedonist to whom Harriet had been engaged at the time she fell in love with Richard, rings at the front door. The coincidence is glaring, but made less objectionable by the ingenious excuse the author has contrived for it; and we settle back, after the first shock, to await developments of a familiar situation, fairly confident that Mr. Jeans will not be utterly conventional.

It would be absurd to pretend that Homer does not nod a little during this scene, or that we in the audience are not disposed to nod in sympathy. Still, though not remarkable for originality, the scene is written with a light, and, on the whole, a swiftly-moving pen. And if only Mr. Kim Peacock had as much personality as he undoubtedly has humour and intelligence; and if only we had not already been listening to Miss Gertrude Lawrence more or less uninterruptedly since the beginning of Act One; and if only Mr. Jeans had been less entertaining in the previous scenes—well, in that case, even this comparatively dull scene would probably be voted excellent. Let it suffice to say that Harriet resists some expert attempts at seduction; that Richard returns in an exceptionally good humour, with his client's contract virtually in his pocket; and that just as one believes the curtain is about to fall on a scene of "happy-ever-after" reconciliation, a catastrophe, due to Harriet's ineradicable forgetfulness, brings the act to its end in a tumult of renewed domestic warfare.

What has Mr. Jeans to tell us in his third act? Here we find Harriet reformed—apparently. She is now the perfect wife of Richard's imagination. The house is tidy, and Harriet, wearing horn-rim spectacles, is too busy with account-books to attend to Daphne, a friend of Chelsea days who is even more slovenly than ever Harriet has been. But when Richard returns from building a castle in Wales for his American client, we notice two things. One is that he is a born manager, and dislikes the delegation of domestic duties to his wife; the other is that he finds Daphne's helplessness rather more attractive than his wife's new competence. But just as we seem to be heading towards a fourth act, we discover (after another dose of Nicholas) that Harriet's apparent reformation is sheer bluff; that the drawers are full of unpaid bills, and other hidden crimes; and that Harriet is still the muddle-minded and impractical young female whom Richard had loved well enough to marry two years previously.

The play, which is full of brilliant lines, is well produced and excellently acted. There is far too much of Harriet, but Miss Lawrence is so vital and amusing that this fault, which might easily have been a fatal one, is greatly minimized by her performance. But she must beware of her tendency to introduce the methods of revue-burlesque into "straight" comedy. Mr. Ian Hunter is, as always, admirable. And Miss Kay Hammond, as the slovenly Daphne, is once again so strong in personality, so individual in style, and so amusing without apparent effort, that Mr. Ronald Jeans is probably even now writing a play to exploit her special qualities.

## FILMS BY MARK FORREST

*Rich and Strange.* Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. The Regal.

*Dance, Little Lady.* Directed by Anthony Asquith. The London Pavilion.

*Huckleberry Finn.* Directed by Norman Taurog. The Plaza.

As the cynic said about the creation of the world, "it wasn't a bad idea, but—"; so with Mr. Hitchcock's new picture which is at the Regal. The notion to get away from the studio, or to appear to do so is one which every one will heartily commend—there has been so far much too much stagecraft in the British filmcraft—but sufficient trouble has not been taken or insufficient money spent to make the effort an outstanding one.

If two humdrum people, who live a humdrum life, decide to use a legacy in seeing the world, that sight-seeing should contain something of the world which is worth seeing. The sponsors of the film proudly announce that it contains five hundred distinct scenes, but it is quality, not quantity, which is the acid test, and the picture is scrappy and lacking in weight. So for that matter is the story, and one comes away thinking how much better it might have been done, though Mr. Hitchcock has managed to bring his ingenuity to bear in more than one place. Joan Barry and Henry Kendall play the two chief parts, and neither of them are satisfactory. Mr. Kendall does not look the weak young ass he should, nor does Joan Barry succeed in convincing one that she rules him in an emergency.

Another British film, which comes before the public for Christmas, is Mr. Asquith's "Dance, Little Lady" at least I believe that is the title, but I am by no means sure, as there have been three versions of it. This picture, a screen adaptation of Mr. Mackenzie's book, "Carnival," and not to be confused with the film version of the play of that name, comes to the London Pavilion, whose programme also includes "Alice in Wonderland," and "Under the Greenwood Tree."

"Dance, Little Lady" is a very disappointing film; the sight of a hansom cab and chorus girls in feathers and furbelows may arouse a transient gleam of interest, but the story has had no new lease of life conferred on it by Mr. Asquith. The director takes it at a funeral pace and the love affair between the chorus girl and the young "masher" is a very dull business. The whole action turns on whether she will live with him or not, and, when she won't, he goes away; whereupon she lives with some one else. The very next night he returns and, after learning the truth, promptly does what he wouldn't do before—namely, make her an honest woman. I confess I can't make head or tail of these mixed motives, nor do I understand how a girl, who is obviously destined for a tragic end, tricks her destiny. It is all out of joint and neither Ann Casson nor Carl Harbord help one to elucidate what was the original title of the picture, "The Soul of Jenny Pearl."

The Plaza is showing "Huckleberry Finn," presumably with the object of providing amusement for the children over Christmas; I only hope that they do not find it as wordy as I did. There is Jackie Coogan as Tom Sawyer; Junior Durkin, as Huckleberry Finn; and Mitzi Green, as Jackie Coogan's sweetheart, but they talk and talk and talk about nothing very amusing until one begins to wonder whether the picture has any end. There is a little slapstick at the finish which may arouse that gentleman, whom the Americans call "junior," to a little enthusiasm, but I do not think that much of the rest will stir him.



## CORRESPONDENCE

### POPULATION

SIR,—In his interesting article Prof. MacBride tells us that when a large increase in the numbers of locusts occurs, they not only feel urged to migrate but the "stimulus of close contact with others" endows them with wings longer than those which the ordinary grass-hopper possesses. One can understand that crowding causes starvation and a movement to seek food elsewhere, but how can this stimulus "endow" the grass-hoppers with larger wings? This is difficult to believe; I should appreciate a further explanation from the Professor.

On the population question generally, there is more than enough room for the European surplus in Canada and Australia, both of which suffer from severe under-population.

Glasgow

T. DAVID

### FRENCH POLICY

SIR,—Mr. Phillip Haddon, in the SATURDAY REVIEW for December 12th, expresses himself with a brutality and harshness with regard to French Policy which I cannot but deplore.

If we admit, as I do, and as I imagine he does from the fierceness of his attack, that European safety and the success of the forthcoming Disarmament Conference depend to a great extent on French Policy, it would certainly be desirable to be diplomatic and tactful and not throw more and more people into the unthinking ranks of the French Nationalists.

That France is heavily armed and that her recent operations in Corsica were merely an excuse to train her remarkable body of men, the Garde Mobile, is common knowledge. Since, moreover, her attitude with regard to disarmament is intransigent, namely that she insists on "Security" first, would it not be diplomatic as well as common sense to meet her on her own ground instead of driving her into adopting a yet more formidable position of defence.

Knowing all classes of French people as I do, I can sympathize with the French point of view, while not agreeing with it. To oppose it would, I think, be wrong and unpolitic. Wrong because she has much reason on her side, and unpolitic because it can do no good.

Cagnes-sur-Mer

HILARY SHIPHAM

### EDUCATION AND CITIZENSHIP.

SIR,—Your correspondent R.M. has wholly mistaken the point of my article. I was not advocating the control of our higher educational machine by Fascists, Bolsheviks or Roman Catholics. I was pointing out that the leaders of these three energetic bodies of organized opinion are all agreed upon one thing, and on one thing only, viz., that if their beliefs are to continue to dominate future generations, these beliefs must not be excluded from the school curriculum. So far from my letter causing "disquiet" on the ground that it was a plea for "Romanizing" influence in education, it should have been clear to your correspondent that Roman Catholics themselves have long ago set any such "disquieting" doubts at rest by contracting out of the national scheme of education.

My concern is exclusively with the kind of secondary education provided in the State schools. The history, Roman Catholic schools apart, of education in this country is the history of the gradual replacement of the Church and the Free Church schools by the State schools. This process is continuing rapidly. With all respect, it is rather futile

in the face of these facts to say that the Church of England and the Free Churches can provide all the religious instruction necessary, for neither the Church of England nor the Free Churches are the arbiters of what is taught in the majority of our schools.

The results of the increasing secularization of education are clear to see. We have a new and disruptive attitude to all questions of morality. Divorce has trebled since 1900 and is increasing every year. Indictable crime has, as Mr. Justice McCardie pointed out the other day, increased enormously since 1907. Finally, and most significantly, we have the fact that the enormous hold which Socialism has obtained over the mind of youth is due to the fact that it puts forward a positive, and in some respects an idealist, system of social obligations to which the advocates of traditional beliefs oppose only a few hesitating and often selfish negations.

Christian civilization, rooted as it is in three cardinal principles—the integrity of the family, the authority of the State and the primacy of the spiritual in the world order—must defend the principles on which it rests, or it will perish. If it does not believe sufficiently in them to preach them from the house-tops, it lacks that strength of unshakeable conviction which is necessary to combat the modern attack.

London

DOUGLAS JERROLD

### "THE COLLAPSE OF CAPITAL"

SIR,—You called attention recently to the fact that we have not yet educated ourselves out of the misconception that capital is a permanent thing.

During last century, and especially during the second half, the South American Continent was provided with railways, harbours, drainage systems, gas, electric light, and telephone services, and other public utilities, the cost of which was mainly financed by foreign capital. Most of this capital was found by the British investor, with United States as second. Since the Armistice alone, British and American investors have lent over 250 millions to the South and Central American republics, and analysis would show that of the four thousand millions of our foreign investments, to which reference has so often been made during the last few weeks, the South American Continent has taken more than any other part of the world.

These investments afford another contrast between the relative permanence of physical capital and financial capital. South America has her railways, her harbours, her telephone service; the investors who put up the money has seen a shrinkage in capital values, a decline in income, and in some instances have even had to put up with total loss as a result of repudiation by State or Municipal Governments. So that to quote Mr. A. M. Samuel, M.P., the British investor has to a large extent made South America a present of railways and other public works. To quote Mr. Samuel again, the British investor would to a large extent have done better for himself if instead of financing public works abroad he had left the money on deposit in England, even if it had earned the lowest possible rate of interest, since his capital would at least have been intact to-day. It is, of course, true that the investment of British money in foreign countries has benefited this country through the resulting orders of locomotives, railway equipment and plant, machinery and the like. But that is no consolation to the investor who has lost his money.

It is hardly necessary to emphasize the fact that this shrinkage of investment incomes from abroad is an important cause of our adverse trade balance. It may also be pointed out that its effect has been seen during the last year or two in the shape of an immense depreciation of the market value of the securities held by British investment trusts.

VERNON SOMMERFIELD



## NEW NOVELS By H. C. HARWOOD

*Alexanderplatz.* By Alfred Döblin. Secker. 8s. 6d.

OF the influences upon Herr Döblin's "Alexanderplatz" that of Mr. James Joyce is the least important, though it exercised the attention of the German critics. This book is far less formally built up than "Ulysses," less concentrated and less romantic. It was the vulture of Zeus that tore out the liver of Mr. Joyce's hero, whereas Herr Döblin's, in comparison, may be said to be suffering from cirrhosis. The technique of the cinema has much more powerfully affected Herr Döblin, as it has so many contemporary novelists. There are times when one seems to be reading the scenario of such a film as "Berlin," and the little figure of Franz Biberkopf, ex-convict newly released from prison, is dwarfed in the scurry of the underworld and the clash of inclined planes. "On the evening of February 9, 1928, when the Labour government fell in Oslo, and it was the last night of the six-day bicycle races in Stuttgart—the winners were Van Kempen-Frankensteen with 726 points, 2,440 kilometres—and the situation in the Saar Valley appeared more critical, on the evening of February 9, 1928, a Tuesday (one moment please, now you will see the mysterious face of the strange woman, the question asked by this beautiful woman concerns everybody, even you: do you smoke Garbaty Kalif?), that evening Franz Biberkopf stood on the Alexanderplatz before a poster column studying an invitation of the allotment holders of Treptow-Neukölln and Britz to a meeting of protest in Irmer's Assembly Hall; order of the day, the arbitrary notices to quit." Used sparingly, these catalogues of details may help us to picture Franz's environment. He is, by the way, selling newspapers so that a change in the Norwegian government is not wholly irrelevant, for news of it may have caught his idle eye. And Herr Döblin is not hopelessly enamoured of the device. When he enumerates the various departments of the A.E.G. as given in the telephone directory, one is reminded of the Futurists of twenty years ago who stuck tram tickets, buttons and string upon their canvasses.

As an English novelist is tempted by sentimentality, so is a German by muck. The complete cosmopolite might find the one as nauseating as the other, and detect no aesthetic superiority in Sherrieff over Remarque, or indeed prefer an ignoring of values to a falsification of them. The severe ethicist might applaud German fiction as letting us eat our lunches off the corner of the dissecting table, so hardening us for life as medical students are hardened for practice. I grant all that. I grant that those who think like me are in danger of being called shy, inhibited, spinsterish. But I do not approve of bathing, even if not mixed but segregated, in cesspools. After all, it is not what they were dug for, and they leave a smell. The ugly-ugly carefully, and not without success ensued by the German bourgeois in the small matter of his personal appearance, may not be inferior to the pretty pretty, but the latter is generally left with persons of arrested mental development to whom it does no particular harm, and the former has been allowed the spurious glamour of the boldly advanced. No, I do not approve of the Spree being emptied into the Thames, remembering what happened after Nile had been emptied into Tiber.

But I cannot leave "Alexanderplatz" without paying tribute to its translator, Mr. Jolas, for having invented a dialect of our language so degraded both in rhythm and vocabulary that never can one forget to what human offal one is introduced. This is a real thieves' argot he has found.

## REVIEWS

### THREE PRETTY BOOKS.

*The Faro Table: or the Gambling Mothers.* By Charles Sedley. Nash and Grayson. 7s. 6d.

*Victorian Bouquet.* Edited with a Preface by Rachel Ferguson. Benn. 6s.

*The Traveller's Companion: A Travel Anthology.* By Paul and Millicent Bloomfield. Bell. 7s 6d.

THIS reprint of Charles Sedley's semi-satirical novel is taken from the third edition, dated 1810. The book is not important for itself, but it is an amusing example of the style and of the taste of that time, and Mr. Beverley Nichols, who writes the introduction, was the very man to appreciate it. His own style has more than a trace of feminine archness, and reminds one of an exquisite young lady compelled to pick her dainty and disdainful way through the literary mud of modern Fleet Street in order to gain the rewards of recognition for which she has hungered with an almost girlish greed. There is no market, she seems to say, for the fine wares that I wanted to offer, but I will show you how grace and some distinction can be given to the popular taste by one who toys with its prejudices without forgetting to despise them. Sedley's own portrayal of fashionable gaming alternates between an enticing criticism and some passages that suggest a genuine contempt. The structure is loose and discursive, for the author's power of sketching a series of fashionably corrupt people is not accompanied by narrative gifts, and it is much more his manner than his subject or his purpose that beguiles the reader. Out of somewhat similar materials Mr. Belloc made a masterpiece of evocation in "Belinda," but a very pleasant evening can be spent reading "Faro," and type and pagination carry one away into the past. All who appreciate period-pieces for the flavour peculiar to their forgotten age will find "Faro" as refreshing as a holiday. It belongs to the pretty knick-knacks of literature, and should stand with other what-nots (the trifles from which that table took its name) upon the shelf.

Miss Rachel Ferguson has imitated such a piece in her "Victorian Bouquet," but the great lady, who is supposed to comment with the worldly wisdom of shrewd experience upon the youthful doings of to-day, is no more than a passable creation. Her inconsequent remarks, the machinery by which she is supposed to draw upon her memories, are transparently manufactured, but they will seem clever to the "bright young things" who say that they have no time, because they have no appetite, for reflection. This is one of those hit or miss shots at success, the fate of which has but little relation to its quality.

The third of these pretty books is something new in anthologies and is really adorned by the sensitive and charming decorations of Mr. Rex Whistler. Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield have drawn on one hundred and fifty travellers for their collection, and the experiences are grouped into chapters about the companions, the food and drink, the women, the cities, the natural sights, and the adventure of obtaining information that have waylaid us all in a foreign land. Too many books describe the places reached, but the good traveller delights us by communicating his experiences in reaching them, and, however much conditions of transport alter, it is this sensation of moving through strange conditions that is the essence of travel itself. The authors have divined this, and have preserved

the freshness, the excitement, the suspense, in most of their extracts, and I do not recall the familiar sensation in any other volume to the same degree. Not many quotations are earlier in date than the eighteenth century, and the consequence is that we do not lose touch with the writers or fail to relate their experiences to our own. The information includes some amusing passages of foreign idiom, including *How to be Angry in Four Languages*, and how to Deal with a Hairdresser, and every page bears the impress of alert editing so that, with the delicate drawings that make the book charming, it becomes a companion with which one is unwilling to part.

OSBERT BURDETT.

### MR. BELLOC'S HISTORY

*History of England, 1525 to 1612.* Vol. IV.  
By H. Belloc. Methuen & Co. 15s.

MR. BELLOC'S "History of England" has never met won the attention which it deserves; but this fourth volume is certainly the best, although the publishers unwisely advertise the book as if it were a Roman Catholic tract whereas it is nothing of the kind. It is full, not only of excellent political psychology and character drawing, but also of first-hand learning and observation. For instance, the account of the Armada is written by a man with working knowledge of the sea and sailing, and the few pages in which the Spanish attempt is described give a most vivid account and explanation of what happened instead of the rather woolly and vague narrative which most historians are content to give.

Mr. Belloc's bias may appear in other books; it has, for instance, led to one rather odd historical error about the medieval Courts of England in his "Catholic Essays." In this book, however, I have not been able to trace the omission or perversion of a single historical fact. In describing this period he is far more of a realist than most Protestant historians, and his bias, such as it is, is much less obvious than that of Edward Gibbon in the *Decline and Fall*.

In some respects a sincerely religious historian may better understand the past than a sceptical historian. A sceptical historian would probably not have written and may not understand the following sentences:—"A profound change in religion changes the whole character of man, changes all that he does because it changes all that he thinks . . . each party to a religious war is attempting on the one side to create, on the other side to preserve, a state of society in which the other cannot live." That exactly describes the state of mind which underlay the religious wars and persecutions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The same conflict can be found in the French Revolution or to-day between the champions of private property or Communism. If Communism were making much progress in the conversion of this country, we might very well see the champions of private property employing the severest deterrents and penalties which public opinion would stand. Certainly if I saw myself directly threatened as the peasants were in Russia with the loss of all my property and the compulsion to live in a sort of barrack, I should resist the Communist as whole-heartedly as the peasants did.

I therefore maintain that an historian who can understand the sixteenth century point of view in regard to religion, is going to do his job better than an historian for whom religion has but little significance. Mr. Belloc, however, is concerned with many other topics besides religion and he is particularly illuminating in regard to economics, geography, and

the human complications which led to the supremacy of the Cecil family. Even his view of Queen Elizabeth, about whom so much has been written, is certainly original and revealing. It will be a disaster to historical study in this country if a volume of this kind is neglected merely because it is alleged to be a Catholic manifesto.

E. S. P. HAYNES

### A CRAFTSMAN ON HIS CRAFT

*A Bachelor's London: Memories on the Day Before Yesterday.* By Frederic Whyte.  
Grant Richards. 12s. 6d.

PUBLISHER, biographer, translator, literary and dramatic critic, there is little in the way of letters that has not some time or another engaged Mr. Whyte's attention. In this agreeable and discursive book he relates his literary experiences from the time when, in 1889, at the age of twenty-two, he became secretary to John Williams, Chief Editor of Cassell's, to the opening years of the Great War. During this quarter of a century Mr. Whyte came to know many of the leading men of his time and profession and his book is packed with little character studies of his contemporaries and critical appreciations of their work. Of the business of publishing on the editorial side Mr. Whyte gives us many instructive glimpses. One of the first books that he had to see through the press was "The Journal of Marine Bashkirtseff," which, as the translation needed most careful attention, was a considerable job for a young editor. It was probably this work that first directed his attention to translation to which from time to time he turned, and that, incidentally, gave us the admirable paper on the art and practice of translation which forms Chapter VIII. of the present book, in which he takes for his text Lord Woodhouselee's stricture on Voltaire's version of Hamlet's "To be, or not to be?"

Against the dictum that even the best translation must always fall short of the beauty of the original, Mr. Whyte is inclined to lodge a protest, though he admits that, on the whole, critical opinion is against him, and that the instances which spring to the mind are not real translations at all, such as Fitzgerald's Omar. Even the translators of the "Authorised Version" take liberties with the text. He acknowledges also that in the last resort it must be for the literate compatriots of the writer translated to say whether a translation really improves on the original. Nevertheless he is probably right in his suggestion that certain languages are peculiarly fitted to express particular subjects and ideas. French wit, as we know, passes only too easily into English vulgarity, but might it not be possible that French grandiloquence might translate into English majesty. As an illustration of adequate translation, Mr. Whyte quotes eight lines of Frau Teresa Euren's translation of Kipling's "If," and, accepting his assurance that it is literal, it is difficult to believe that any of the power of the original is missing.

In the course of the book we are given many such notes on the technical side of the literary craft, and one to which exception must be taken. Mr. Whyte is writing of Lucy's parliamentary notes, and he says that if Dickens had remained on in the press gallery of the House of Commons he might have equalled them, but could scarcely have improved on them, which is very probable; but not, surely, as Mr. Whyte surmises, because Lucy was the more careful artist in the use of words. The assumption that Dickens could have been the great novelist he was without being also a great and careful "artist in words" is a contradiction in terms, and even to find his artistry men-



tioned in the same sentence with Lucy's is disconcerting. Discussing the many distinguished writers whom he has known personally or whose work has passed through his hand, Mr. Whyte quotes freely the opinions of their contemporaries. He says that a friend has condemned him for this, but most readers, one imagines, will find these quotations as agreeable as they are apt. The book is well illustrated with portraits and caricatures.

## A BAD MEANS TO A GOOD END

*We Do See Life.* By the Rev. D. Morse-Boycott. Skeffington. 18s.

*London Below Bridges.* By Hubert Secretan. Bles. 3s. 6d.

THE Rev. Desmond Morse-Boycott is a good journalist. I have no doubt he is also a good priest. He wants money to found a school for choir-boys in the poor London district in which he works. It is not unnatural, it is indeed commendable, of him to use his gifts as a writer to get that money. It cannot be easy to find time and strength for writing, however much he enjoys it (as he clearly does), on top of the multifarious jobs of a priest in a poor parish who takes his work seriously. He deserves to get his choir-school.

And yet . . . And yet . . . Is it altogether ideal to make money, for however good a cause, by telling stories, however kindly, about people, the intimacy of whose lives has only been made known to you in the course of your professional duties? Reading Mr. Morse-Boycott's new book—and there is no question about its readability and humour—is not unlike reading an amusing book by a doctor on his patients' illnesses or by a solicitor on his clients' financial difficulties. There is a sense of embarrassment, if not of actual bad taste.

There is no reason why a clergyman or a doctor or a solicitor should not write amusing books. George Birmingham is a clergyman who has done so with great success. There is no reason why, if and when they make the attempt, they should not make use of the knowledge of human nature they have acquired in their professional, no less than in their private, lives. George Birmingham, again, has certainly done so. But writing an imaginative work based on such knowledge (like *Spanish Gold*) is a different matter from filling an 18s. book with descriptions of actual lives, of which, apart from the discharge of professional duties, the author would have had no knowledge.

Mr. Morse-Boycott, too, is "up against" almost everything and everyone outside his own immediate flock. He thinks the police are lazy and stupid; the L.C.C. lazy and without imagination; newspaper editors lazy and hypocritical. This last accusation seems particularly gratuitous since he admits his dependence on editors for his living (does he get no salary as a priest?). It requires a good deal of humour and a whole procession of funny stories to make such fare palatable.

On the whole, I prefer Mr. Secretan's much less pretentious little book, which, also dealing with some of London's poorer districts, is not so amusing but more sincere and far more restrained. It shows a profound knowledge of South London boyhood, and is a worthy successor to the equally sincere, equally restrained, "Across the Bridges," with which the writer of his introduction, Mr. Alexander Paterson, made his own reputation twenty-one years ago.

WALTER ASHLEY

## THE UNITY OF SHAKESPEARE

*The Imperial Theme.* By G. Wilson Knight. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

PROFESSOR WILSON KNIGHT'S imaginative interpretation of Shakespeare is often difficult and sometimes fantastic, nevertheless, there can be no doubt whatever that he gets nearer to the mystery of the playwright's genius than has any other student of the plays. The power of the plays as the Professor reveals it arises neither from their plots, nor their characterization, nor even from their poetry, but from some synthesis of thought and emotion that makes each play, not the sum of its parts, but an organic whole. What Professor Knight seeks is what a musician would call the *lietmotivs* of the plays he discusses, and seeking them, he has discovered that, while every play has its special motifs which, continually recurring and conflicting, bring about its unity; there is also a certain unity in the whole body of the dramatist's work, due to his arranging and rearranging certain of the more saliently dramatic motifs to suit his mood or the occasion.

In a previous book, "The Wheel of Fire," Professor Knight devoted his interpretation to Shakespeare's sombre tragedies. In the present work, though he returns again and again to the consideration of "Hamlet" and "Macbeth," he is mainly concerned with plays in which, though tragedy befalls it, is not a tragedy of the spirit, which, though all else, even life itself be quenched, remains triumphant. The plays particularly interpreted are "Julius Caesar," "Coriolanus," and "Antony and Cleopatra," and it is presumably the overwhelming love theme of the last which gives its title to the book. One says presumably, for like "The Wheel of Fire," the title is highly allusive, and it might mean any of the major themes of vigorous and flowing life, dominion or honour or love, which inform the plays. While Professor Knight's interpretation of "Hamlet" remains the best of his interpretations, both the "Caesar" and the "Antony and Cleopatra" run it hard. Shakespeare the poet, the playwright, the creator of character, has been interpreted again and again; at last we have an interpretation that shows him as a dramatist in whose work these majestic and noble or mean and ignoble ideas take the stage and in whose conflict the real genius of Shakespeare is revealed.

## JOSEPH CONRAD

*Joseph Conrad.* By R. L. Mégroz. Faber & Faber. 10s. 6d.

MR. MEGROZ, who has given ample evidence of his critical ability in his previous studies of Mr. de la Mare and other writers, has found in Conrad an admirable subject for sympathetic analysis. Conrad's life was one of unusual interest and unexpectedness. Who would have thought that the Polish boy of sixteen, who knew no more than half-a-dozen words of our language, and who was to devote himself, till middle age, to a career of action on the sea, was destined to attain a superb mastery of English prose and to display a rare insight into human motivation? Conrad's remarkable personality receives due appreciation in the present work. We are given a long verbatim report of Conrad's conversation, an outline of his life, and an examination of his writings both as literature and as an expression of his mind. Mr. Mégroz writes with enthusiasm, but also with discrimination; and his judgments are acute and illuminating. This is, of course, a book for lovers of Conrad; but all who are interested in the art of fiction should read it for its discussion of problems of plot, character and the like.



## SHORTER NOTICES

*Goethe: Man and Poet.* By H. W. Nevinson. Nisbet. 10s. 6d.

GOETHE, whose centenary will be celebrated next year, was born at Frankfurt in 1749. His father was a rigid, punctilious and somewhat pedantic old gentleman; his mother, a joyous, affectionate creature, twenty years his junior, who preferred the pleasant old folk-tales, which she poured out to her son, rather than the "culture" his father tried to give her. Thus the opposite natures of father and mother were interwoven in Goethe's mind and character "like the sombre and brilliant threads upon a weaver's loom"; they provide a clue to the two motifs which course throughout the whole of Goethe's long life and work, culminating in the magnificent struggle between the white life and the red life which is the theme of *Faust*. Mr. Nevinson's portrait is an excellent one—vivid and tremendously alive; while the background of eighteenth-century Germany, court life at Weimar, the French Revolution, Napoleon and Schiller, are admirably sketched in.

*The Writers' and Artists' Year Book, 1932.* Black. 3s. 6d.

IN noticing this book, it has only to be pointed out that the new edition admirably maintains the high standard set in previous years for reliability and comprehensiveness; it remains, as its publishers claim it to be, "an indispensable possession to writers, artists, composers, editors, and everyone who aspires to contribute to literature, art or music." In addition to the usual features—a full list of journals and

Is it fair to your best friend to make him your Executor? The duties are onerous, and usually thankless; the responsibilities are great and the penalties for neglect are severe. Moreover, he may die, and the expense of appointing his successor is considerable. On the other hand, if you appoint the Westminster Bank instead, the fees (which are paid out of your estate) will probably be only a fraction of the legacy which you would have left to a private trustee

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magazines, information concerning British and American publishers, and details regarding copyright, agreements, dramatic and serial rights, etc.—the new volume contains interesting facts relating to "Writing for the Screen," while a list of "Literary Competitions" has been added to that of "Literary Prizes." The book provides excellent value for money.

*The Pleasures of the Table.* By Sir Francis Colchester-Wemyss. Nisbet. 6s.

A COOKERY book written by a man (unless he is a professional cook) is nearly always interesting in as much as it reflects the male taste and choice, but it is not often likely to prove a useful guide for the average housewife. The present author, however, has succeeded in producing a work which will whet the appetite of the *gourmet* and at the same time prove a boon to the young mistress of a house. The chapter on the dining-room will probably be skipped by most women, who will not look here for information as to the furniture which it should contain; but, with this exception, the book will be a welcome addition to the library of any young housewife who is wise enough to take an interest in the important matter of food and cooking.

*Let's See the Highlands.* By A. A. Thompson. Herbert Jenkins. 7s. 6d.

OPINION varies as to the best time of year to visit the Highlands, but after reading this record of the author's travels through some of the most beautiful country in the British Isles, one feels that Spring, not August or September, must be the best time to visit Scotland.

Besides being written in a most entertaining way, the book conveys a real impression of that part of the country; and although it does not give us so many fascinating historical anecdotes as Mr. H. V. Morton's "In Search of Scotland," it carries the enchantment of the lochs and the beauty and romance of the hills, with a very fine description of the deer in Glen Affric. In fact, it creates a strong desire to get out the car and drive away north, to follow this attractive route "over the seven bens and seven glens and seven mountain moors."

*The Poor Man's Garden and Other Poems.* By Walter Madeley. Thornton Butterworth. 6s.

MR. MADELEY, who is well-known in the educational world, has had the happy idea of celebrating in verse our commoner wild flowers. Some of them still need recognition after many centuries of English poetry. He shows a pleasant fancy but has rather hampered himself by using the sonnet, rondeau and triolet, which seem unduly elaborate for Nature's wildings. Wordsworth's simpler style for the Celandine would have been a better model, as in the little tribute here to the Colt's-foot. There is gaiety in the verses on "Ragged Robin," and the Ivy-leaved Toad-flax is well hit off:

You wink at me with a roguish eye,  
As you nod your head from the crumbling wall.

The Blue Meadow Cranesbill is a beauty well deserving the title of "Fair Queen of the Meadows." The Foxglove is not really "Folk's-Glove." Primrose and Daffodil are already amply done. If Mr. Madeley goes on, he might think of the neglected Dandelion.

The verses on the sinister cavern of Wookey Hole show ability to make a picture and add a good moral.

# FOR "SATURDAY" WOMEN

## WOMAN AND THE SPORT FETISH

BY MARY SEATON

THE problem of sport is comparatively modern and arises, as far as it affects a large number of young people, from the public school system. The insistence on games at our places of learning has always been a subject for controversy, and there are many parents, and not a few scholars, who are still to be convinced that sport is not overdone. The amount of time devoted to football and cricket might, they think, be better spent in acquiring that knowledge which best equips a man to wrest a livelihood out of an uncertain world.

Before, however, the question of boys and sport has yet been solved, girls have been rushed to the goal posts and wickets, and not to carry a hockey stick or a net ball is regarded as a sign of decadence and eccentricity. The imitative instinct in woman, apparently, has brought her into the field of sport with almost as much enthusiasm as that displayed by boys and men. But does it follow that what may or may not be good for the majority of one sex is of course good for the other? Are girls justified in making games a life interest?

Co-education may have its uses in helping men and women to understand one another—as if they ever really could understand one another, seeing that the whole purpose of nature is to bring opposites together for her own biological needs! But that girls should regard the sporting prowess of their brothers as something to be emulated is a false ideal, and one that must do considerable harm.

The standard of feminine sport is becoming so high that games have taken on the aspect of professions. Instead of being relaxations of the old-fashioned croquet variety, they are tending to evolve into an object of existence, and it is not uncommon to meet women who infinitely prefer golf to their homes or jobs. Their minds are so preoccupied with the technicalities of the game that they cannot think or talk of anything else. Their life is conditioned by the possibility of indulging in this game. Is a holiday planned? They must necessarily go to some place that offers the organization essential for the elaborate performance of knocking a little ball from place to place. A woman may be invited for what she hopes will be a quiet week-end in the country, but on arriving she finds that she is expected to spend the precious hours on the links. If she remonstrates and says that she is not especially interested, her hostess will regard her as being almost mentally deficient. The happy chances are that she will not be invited again.

Whether so much feminine sport is really a good thing physically must be left finally to medical opinion, but I have long had a feeling that the dragoon spirit is alien to the feminine temperament, *en masse*. There is an element of violence in sport that is neither natural nor becoming in a woman. She was never intended for the more strenuous side of life; to see a woman kicking a football about is the negation of grace and deportment. The word deportment will sound strange in modern ears, but it is only another expression for poise and balance. When a girl tears through a scrum with a ball in her hand her poise and balance are destroyed. Whatever endurances it must suffer in other directions, the female figure is not constructed for sudden or dramatic action. Imagine a woman hammering on an anvil or helping

to haul a big gun—the idea is not convincing. The belief that athletics, whether boxing or long distance swimming, are health-giving must, of course, be considered from an individual rather than a collective point of view.

And this is the real crux of the question. I know of two girls who were at school together. One refused, in defiance of all disciplinary action, to do a stroke more sport than she could possibly help. She has never suffered a day's illness and is the mother of two healthy children. The other became a champion in her small way but is by no means the paragon of health that was promised her for being "good at games."

The physical strength of women is entirely different from the physical strength of men; but it has remained for the present age to question this fact. It is interesting, however, to remember that a man who indulges in too much sport is apt to impair his constitution, and that longevity among prominent exponents of any strenuous game is rare. What shall we surmise about the athletic woman?

Why is it that school-girls are compelled to spend so much time in the playing-fields, prolonging these activities when far more valuable forms of exercise could engage their attention? A life-long joy may be called into existence by walks out of doors, when flowers, birds and trees may be studied; or by the loan of a plot of ground to dig and plant. And few occupations are more instructive and invigorating than the more strenuous forms of housewifery. If the modern games worship is due to the restlessness of our time, that incessant mobility that makes sedentary life almost impossible, the sooner we arrive at a sense of proportion the better. For not only do games now to a large extent take the place of other recreations, but the tendency is to allow them to interfere with class routine.

A learned judge told us the other day that one person out of every ten in this country was unfit, and that hundreds of thousands of women were incurably sick. Has feminine sport helped to alleviate or to contribute to this appalling situation? It is a matter for argument among the teachers, the doctors and scientists.

In the meantime, less insistence on games would be a welcome reaction. Apart from the aspect of health, there is this little matter of education. The world, judging by its present financial and political chaos, is not going to be a pleasant place for the rising generation, and if they are to clear up the chaos made by their antecedents they will have to have their wits about them. The ills of civilization are not to be cured by young men and women who can only putt a ball or hold a racket.

Life is so much more important than games, and we cannot learn how to live if such a great proportion of our time is taken up by merely learning how to amuse ourselves.

The whole question of sport in our schools must be reconsidered. It is a noteworthy fact that some of our distinguished educationalists are giving it their attention. When the headmaster of Harrow says that the worship of the brilliant footballer and match-winning cricketer has gone too far, it is time to get rid of this idolatry and not to try and bring it into the feminine department of life.

# TRAVEL

## WINTER SPORTS IN SWITZERLAND

By EDWARD E. LONG

### IV—CURLING

FOR the benefit of those of my readers who are not Scotsmen, it may be as well, before proceeding to describe curling as a winter sport in Switzerland, to give a short history and description of the game itself, for though nowadays it is not confined to the "Land of Heather and Oatcakes," it is by no means as widely known outside Scotland.

Curling, if not indigenous to Scotland, has been played there for at least three centuries, and certainly owes its development to that country. The "Amateur Curling Club of Scotland" was formed in the year 1834, and came to grief, but four years later a more business-like curling society was inaugurated, known as "The Grand Caledonian Curling Club," which prospered exceedingly, and is known now as "The Royal Caledonian Curling Club," and is regarded in all parts of the world as the Mother Club and legislative body in regard to curling.

To describe the game in a sentence—it is practically the same as bowls, played on the ice, the place of the "jack" being taken by a fixed mark, which is termed the "tee," to which the player aims his "stone," and every "stone" which finally lies nearer the "tee" than those of the opposing side counts a point. The players are four a side and each plays two "stones," it being possible thus for one side to score as many as eight points.

As in bowls, when a player sends up a good shot, the others of his side play so as to protect him, and these "stones" are termed "guards." When all of the sixteen "stones" have been played, the players cross over to the "tee" and play from that end. If a "stone" fails to reach a line within easy distance of the "tee," called the "hog-line," it is taken out of play; likewise, if it goes beyond the "tee-line." Great skill is exhibited in the game by the twist imparted to a "stone"—like the "bias" in bowls—which enables it to curve round an opponent's "stone" and get a good "lie," or knock the other "stone" out of position.

Curling is played on a space marked out on the ice known as the "rink." The ice-surface must be very hard and smooth, and in order to keep it swept properly, every player carried a broom, and good "sweeping" or sweeping, is no mean branch of the curler's art, and is carried out according to instructions given from time to time by the captain of the side, who is known as the "skip." A well-swept course will often enable a "stone" to get home which would have failed to do so otherwise.

The "stone" itself is a flattened, polished disc, usually of granite or whinstone, fitted with a handle. Its weight is generally from thirty-five to forty lbs., and it must not exceed thirty-six inches in circumference, or be less in height than one eighth of its circumference. The "crampit," or iron plate, fitted with spikes, on which the player stands to deliver the "stone" comprises the impediments of the game, which has in addition, however, a language of its own, replete with strange terms which are quite "Double-Dutch" to the uninitiated.

Curling has made great strides in Switzerland since the commencement of the present century, and to-day it is one of the leading sports. The Swiss, with their usual astuteness and business practicality, have long recognized in it a valuable asset to other sports, and

they were not slow to realize that enhanced curling attractions meant drawing to their country in winter-time a number of people of mature years who would visit it only for the purpose of playing the "roarin' game" under ideal conditions.

And played under ideal conditions it is, most certainly. One of the chief obstacles to good curling is rough and soft ice. The Swiss ice experts have not only abolished roughness—with special instruments they chip off every little projection, however minute, and polish up the ice-surface until it is as smooth as a billiard ball, and as clear as a mirror—but they have discovered how to make ice which will withstand the heat of the sun's rays in the day-time and thus enable curling and skating, to be carried on, on good ice, though the sun is blazing away gloriously in the heavens.

This is the secret. It was ascertained by the great ice-expert, Rudolf Baumann, that ice made drop by drop has a much greater power of resistance than a large mass of water frozen at once, and this led him to adopt the method of sprinkling an ice-rink with water at night, instead of flooding it. The sprinkling is done by means of a hose fitted with nozzles of varying degrees of fineness, and the operation is repeated again and again throughout the night and early morning, and the result is—magnificent, such ice as our forefathers scarcely dreamed of, and from day to day, or rather from night to night, it is renewed and the curler has always, provided the frost holds, an excellent surface on which to play games.

All "winter-sport" centres in Switzerland possess curling-rinks, usually many of them, and throughout the season competitions are held between the different centres, and between different clubs, attracting curlers from all countries, in large numbers. These competitions are known as "bon-spiels" in the quaint language of the curler, and excellent "bon-spiels" or "good games," they provide; also, they promote a spirit of cordiality and fraternization it would be difficult to rival in any other game, and I am certain it could not be outmatched.

For curling started as a democratic game in Scotland—where frequently the laird made a "rink" with his own men-servants, and the doctor of the village might be seen at play with the shoe-maker, and other tradesmen, and it has remained so, and it has come into its own completely in this sense in democratic Switzerland, and say I—"Long life and success to it, and its jolly players."

Next Week's SATURDAY REVIEW will contain:

Our Masters of the B.B.C., by R. A. Scott-James.

A Memory of Ireland—"Glenmalur," by Lyle Donaghy.

The Days of John Peel, by J. M. Denwood.

Education of Defective Children, by Dr. Maria Montessori.

Argument: Is Disarmament Practicable Now?

Commander Stephen King Hall v. Douglas Jerrold.



# LONDON HOSPITAL

## VISCOUNT KNUTSFORD REMEMBRANCE FUND

"**W**HAT would the London Hospital have been without Lord Knutsford? What, again, would the voluntary hospital system of this country be without the influence which, from the London Hospital, he exerted upon it? Our hospitals have served the world for a model; no man wrought with such selfless zeal or with such conspicuous success to make that model perfect as did the Chairman of the London Hospital."

*The Times Leading Article.*

Viscount Knutsford's name and work are linked inseparably with the great hospital which he made so specially his own and where over 7,000,000 sick people asked and received help during his years as Chairman.

*All who wish to honour a great name and to maintain and establish a great and national work, are invited to support the "Viscount Knutsford Remembrance Fund."*

The first aim of the Fund is the completion and maintenance of improvements which Viscount Knutsford saw as essential for the full efficiency of the Hospital and on which he had set his heart.

To the Hon. Sir W. H. Goschen, K.B.E.,  
Chairman, London Hospital, E.I.

I enclose £..... s.....d. for the  
"Viscount Knutsford Remembrance  
Fund" of the London Hospital.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## CHARITY

### HAVE YOU REMEMBERED THESE?

A MAHARANEE at a house party was asked by her English hostess to say what in our civilization she found most strange, and declared that it was our social life. "In my country," she said, "we have all our poor relations to stay with us, here you invite all your rich relations." There was at once both wonder and reproof in the judgment. It may be, however, that the comparison for all its truth, has odious implications that are quite fallacious. There is no country in the world where "our poor relations," in the wider sense, are more widely succoured. This year, for instance, there will be fewer and more restricted festivities; the annual exchange of presents will be on a smaller scale; in some cases, indeed, "no presents, by request" has become a social slogan. Yet we may be sure that the great stream of charity will flow on.

At all times the appeal of those who ask on behalf of the young has an especial claim upon us, but at Christmas it is irresistible for it is the Child's festival. Many of the appeals before us are for institutions in which children are cared for. Reedham Orphanage, for instance, is faced with a serious shortage of funds, and will be grateful for timely support; which, remembering the three hundred fatherless children it supports and educates for citizenship, should be forthcoming. The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship also asks for help, more necessary than ever at this time of industrial depression, when were it not for these and other like institutions so many young people would drift to disaster. The Shaftesbury Society and R.S.U. asks for offers of service and gifts of money or goods, to help it in its work throughout the poverty areas of Greater London. It serves young and old, in a hundred ways, and maintains four Residential Schools at the seaside for two hundred and eighty crippled and ailing children. Last of these appeals, and the saddest of them all, is that of the N.S.P.C.C., which pleads for donations to enable it to continue its work of protection.

The Church Army is busy with its usual Christmas effort and Prebendary Carlile makes an especial appeal for funds to enable his association to provide Christmas fare for those who would otherwise face a bare table, and to carry on its nocturnal search for the homeless. The Salvation Army issues a like appeal for its social service. The Army with its enormous ramifications can quote great figures. In twelve months they supplied twenty-four million meals, and provided eleven million beds; and there is a shortage of the funds necessary to keep the vast organization going.

Last on our present list there comes The Royal Sailors' Rests, Portsmouth and Devonport. The two ladies, who years ago began the work in the smallest possible way, lived happily to see it grow into a great institution, The Devonport Rest, once an old house close to the Dockyard Gates, is to-day a great and imposing building, occupying a whole block and capable of sleeping some 900 Service men, a big ship's complement. Here again gifts will be welcome, and will assuredly be well bestowed. In conclusion we particularly commend to our readers the appeal issued by the Governors of the London Hospital to commemorate the memory of the late Viscount Knutsford. The need of this institution is desperate and no more fitting memorial to the Prince of Beggars could be devised.

# SATURDAY COMPETITIONS

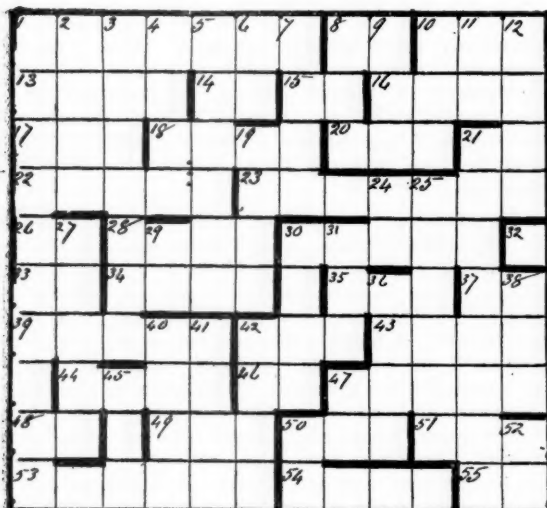
## CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. XLIII.

By Mopo.

HIDDEN CAROL.—9, 20, 8d, 40, 8a, 50a, 39, 42a, 7,

25, 32, 44, 31, 49, 48, 15,  
3, 27, 35, 23,  
27, 21d, 35, 54, 12,  
38, 9, 47a, 1a.

The clues to some of these words are missing.



Across.

CLUES.

1. I drove a "plow of pearl." 10 & 14. Old Japanese coin.
13. Some desiccated lakes yield this natron.
15. I and 48 are a responsibility.
16. I am attentive and liberal.
- 17 & 18 rev. The translated weaver was "marvellous me."
20. I take a bus for hell.
- 21 & 33. "Stop thy unhallow'd —, vile Montague!"
22. Mary's pet was originally this before 6.
23. I was spoken "O'er the boar-head, garnish'd brave."
26. This little theologian has had his head turned.
28. In following the Moor I followed but myself.
30. Cholera that is out of date.
34. With five and 47d, the city built by Ashur.
- 37 rev. There were three of me in Pip's letter.
39. Colloquial garment before 24.
43. It would make me clever.
44. A "little, little —," "chuckled at my illness."
46. With help of 11, I was used to reduce dislocation.
47. All taken separately. 48. See 15.
49. The duke this his regiment from behind.
53. Newts. 54. I sound almost like a poet but I'm greater.
- 55 & 51 rev. Shakespearian chariot.

Down.

1. Like mildew.
2. "held the splore. To drink their — duddies."
3. It's ingrain that yields me, but what is won't yield when it's me.
4. A seasonable refrain. 5. Marks with 29 rev.
6. See 22. 7. Past that is still so after 32.
10. Verbal 16. 11. See 46.
12. Twice before "I pray you, remember the porter."
19. This d'Amore is an obsolete instrument.
21. The Defendant was ready to say he would marry the other this.
24. See 39. 25. "And think to burst out into — blaze."
27. Richard thought all that poets feigned of me and 38 was in the circuit of a crown.
30. Froth. 36. Hub. 38. See 27.
- 40, 50a, 8d and me was not told the Queen of Sheba.
41. Waste allowance. 42. Pads. 45. Bream. 47. See 34.
50. A little volume about 1d's trapped letter.
52. Go before the trapped letter of 30d.

PS.—The six still unchecked letters yield the heroine of Scott's novel, who was "A bundle of myrrh, and a cluster of camphire."

## SOLUTION AND RESULT OF CROSS WORD NO. XLII.

Across.—Spatula, Axino, Aspheterism, Ryper, Critho, Current, Acum, oh, Rear, oh, Elca, Botano, Sa, Neht, Ce, Nr, Od, Carto, An, Ne, Therio, Si.

Down.—Sarcobla, Psycho, Cn, Appurten, Thereane, Errant, St, Cero, Oh, Aer, Nos, De, Arith, Cr, Xi, Taen, Ai, Ish, Clero, Mouch, Ts, Onomato.

### NOTES.

Across.—19, Acumen. 24, (tent)acle. 26, Sacred. 27, Thence. 30, Hood. 38, Arnold, "Sohrab and Rustum." Down.—1, Sarcobla(st). 3, Hamlet, II. 2. 4, There-anent. 5, Holt. 9, Naenish. 12 & 13, Mouch = "live a vagabond life." 16, Taenia. 18, Reason. 28, i.e. with regard to drink. The winner is Mrs. Hepplewhite, Castle Donnington, Nr. Derby, who has chosen for her prize, "The Ripening Corn," by Collette (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.).

Mopo desires to apologize to competitors for misprints in this puzzle and thanks the competitor who pointed them out. Congratulations to "Sigald" for Cross Word XLI! Mopo.

## ACROSTIC.—508.

(Closing Date: First post, Thursday, December 31.)

TWO BEAKED AND WINGED ONES: EGGS AND MEAT THIS YIELDS, THAT OTHER, PLUMAGE OF THE ELYSIAN FIELDS. TO FIND OUR FIRST, TO ANY FARM-HOUSE GO; OUR SECOND SEEK IN FAR-OFF BORNEO.

1. This clown will serve. "And his relations?" Nay!
2. The gnawer drive from Noah's hill away.
3. On folly's sons these colours ruin bring.
4. Heart of a ruler: emperor or king.
5. O grim and ghastly emblem of the tomb!
6. Pith of what men discuss in every room.
7. Plain as a pike-staff or the noonday sun.
8. On this, next year, the Derby will be run.
9. Take half a clasp by ancient ladies worn.
10. Core of what gapes, by iron share upturn.
11. Season of blustering winds and roaring fires.
12. When Christmas comes, remembrance he requires.

## SOLUTION OF ACROSTIC No. 506.

- |    |            |       |   |
|----|------------|-------|---|
| T  | ablelan    | D1    | 1 C. G. Leland (1825-1903) author of    |
| H  | ôtel-Die   | U2    | the famous <i>Hans Breitmann</i>        |
| O  | utloo      | K3    | <i>Ballads</i> in "Pennsylvania Dutch," |
| M  | andrak     | E4    | and many other works.                   |
| PA | ll         | Or    | 2 The principal hospital in several     |
| S  | cur        | F     | French towns is so called               |
| M  | avournee   | N     | Maison-Dieu was the expression          |
| HO |            | Ok    | formerly used.                          |
| W  | indso      | R     | 3 "The King's government must be        |
| B  | ee         | F5    | carried on."                            |
| R  | eh         | Oboam | 4 One of the "Vulgar and Common         |
| A  | gricultura | L     | Errors" exposed by Sir Thomas           |
| Y  | ol         | K     | Browne in 1646.                         |
- 5 "It isna that the winds are rude,  
Or that the waters rise,  
But I loe the roasted beef at hame,  
And no thae puddock-pies!"  
*Bon Gaultier Ballads: The Queen in France. Part 2.*

ACROSTIC No. 506.—The winner is "Buns," Lt.-Col. G. M. Knight, The Grange, Toddington, Cheltenham, who has selected as his prize "Life of General Sir Charles Carmichael Monro," by Sir George Barrow, published by Hutchinson, and reviewed by D. Willoughby, in our issue of December 12, under the title "A Typical Soldier." Ten other competitors names this book, thirteen chose "Back to Montparnasse," ten "Napoleon of the Snows," etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A.E., Ali, E. Barrett, Bimbo, A. de V. Blathwayt, Bobs, Boote, Boskerris, Carlton, C.C.J., J. Chambers, E. H. Coles, Falcon, E. J. Fincham, Fossil, G. M. Fowler, T. Hartland, Iago, Junius, Miss Kelly, Lilian, Madge, George W. Miller, Mrs. Milne, M.I.R., N. O. Sellam, Peter, Shorwell, Sisyphus, St. Ives, Stucco, Thatcham, H. M. Vaughan, Viol, Capt. W. R. Wolseley.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Alphin, Barberry, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Miss Carter, Maud Crowther, Cyril E. Ford, Gay, Jeff, Mrs. Lole, Martha, Lady Mottram, Rand, Tyro, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Bertram R. Carter, Estela, Hardwick, A. M. W. Maxwell, Lt.-Col. R. K. Morcom, Penelope, Robinsky, Shrub, Taddo. All others more.

Light 3 baffled 8 solvers; Light 5, 7; Light 10, 5; Light 4, 4; Lights 1 and 8, 3; Lights 7, 9, and 13, 1.

Taddo and Alphin.—Please note that by the Heart or Core of a word we understand the two or three middle letters, not more; and that all letters cut off by beheading, etc., must be written down.

(Continued at foot of page 825.)

## The "Saturday Review" Suggests This Week:

[Owing to going to press early, we are unable to give selections from the forthcoming Wireless programmes this week. No books of outstanding interest were published last week.—Ed.]

### FILMS

#### MARK FORREST'S LIST

##### LONDON FILMS

**THE REGAL.** *Rich and Strange.* Criticized in this issue. Will be superseded on Boxing Day by *The Love Race*, a comedy of the race track, with Stanley Lupino.

**THE TIVOLI.** *The Congress Dances.* The best picture on in London. Lilian Harvey, Henry Garat and Conrad Veidt.

**THE CAPITOL.** *Sunshine Susie.* The best British picture in London. Renate Muller, Owen Nares, and Jack Hulbert.

**THE CARLTON.** *Five Star Final.* A strong newspaper story with Edward G. Robinson, Oscar Apfel, Marion Marsh, and Frances Starr.

**THE RIALTO.** *Her Highness Commands.* Lilian Harvey's new picture.

**THE DOMINION.** *Palmy Days.* Farce with Eddie Cantor, supported by Carmo's Circus.

**THE NEW GALLERY.** *Mischief.* More farce with Ralph Lynn; the screen version of the play by Mr. Travers.

##### GENERAL RELEASES.

*Annabelle's Affairs.* A fairly amusing picture, with Jeanette Macdonald and Victor McClagen.

(Competitions continued.)

### LITERARY LXIV.

Readers are invited to submit a Prophecy for 1932 in the manner of Old Moore. Length not to exceed 300 words. Marks will be given for plausibility, and the style of the original should be studied. Wit and humour are by no means barred, and the judge will no doubt look favourably on entries where tradition and originality are wedded. Two prizes of a guinea each are offered.

#### RESULT OF COMPETITION LVIII.

##### JUDGE'S REPORT.

There was an unusually large number of entries for the SATURDAY REVIEW prize for a poem on Armistice Day; and they included competitors from as far afield as Berlin, and Munich, as well as all parts of the British Isles. The standard too, was high; and the judge's congratulations are offered to Wray, Adam, A.G., Doon, and Grano. The final choice, however, rested between Rose Anne and Poohsman. Though displaying remarkable differences in treatment and outlook, both Rose Anne's and Poohsman's verses are a perfectly sincere and legitimate approach, both are true poetry, and both deserve the prize. So, with these circumstances in view, the only course left open to the judge is to recommend the Editor to divide the prize between Poohsman and Rose Anne. Lack of space unfortunately prevents the full poems being published, so the first and the last verses from each must suffice.

From Flanders, when 'tis Armistice,  
Our spirits cross the ford;  
And then we hear the bishops jeer:  
"Peace in our time, O Lord!"

O agony, O agony!  
We could not face your hosts;  
We who have died whilst others lied,  
We must be quiet, ghosts!

POOHSMAN.

No bugle calls to-day, on Cloney hill,  
Telling of eager lights that, one by one,  
Were quenched; of laughing voices that are still,  
Of a day's journey that was scarce begun.

No bugle calls to-day on Cloney hill;  
No shrill Reveillé breaks the silence there,  
Yet those who pass that way, remember still;  
While brown leaves drift through the November  
air.

ROSE ANNE.

### THEATRES

#### SOME CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

**LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH.** *Aladdin.* (Riverside 3012.) Twice daily.

**PALLADIUM.** *Peter Pan.* (Gerrard 1004.) Matinees only, at 2.15.

**PICCADILLY.** *Alexander and Mose Minstrels.* (Gerrard 4506.) Matinees only, at 2.30.

**LYCEUM.** *Cinderella.* (Temple Bar 7617.) Twice daily, at 2.0 and 7.30.

**HOLBORN EMPIRE.** *Where the Rainbow Ends.* (Holborn 5367.) Matinees only, at 2.15.

**ROYALTY.** *Buckie's Bears.* (Gerrard 2690.) Matinees only, at 2.30.

**SAVOY.** *Toad of Toad Hall.* (Temple Bar 8888.) Matinees only, at 2.30.

**VICTORIA PALACE.** *The Windmill Man.* (Victoria 5282.) Matinees only at 2.15.

**GRAFTON.** *Little Tuk's Dream.* (Museum 1424.) Matinees only, at 2.30.

**EMBASSY, SWISS COTTAGE.** *Cinderella.* (Primrose 2211.) Matinees only, at 2.15.

**DUKE OF YORK'S.** *When Knights Were Bold.* (Temple Bar 5122.) Matinees only, at 2.30.

**NEW.** *Treasure Island.* (Temple Bar 3878.) Matinees only.

### NOTABLE BRITISH TRIALS

#### The Court-Martial of The "Bounty" Mutineers

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## CITY

Lombard Street

As the end of the year approaches Stock Exchange business sinks daily to a still lower ebb. The removal of the ban on option transactions still leaves the prohibition of continuation business unrepealed. There is so little speculation that the relaxation of restrictions leaves the markets cold, so far as their immediate effect is concerned, but restrictions are always onerous and members of the Stock Exchange would like to see the way paved for the resumption of public speculation. Hope is perennial that the markets will open the New Year with a revival of activity, although the exceptionally heavy taxation demands on January 1 will scarcely encourage investment. The results of the Australian elections have done much to relieve anxiety among gilt-edged securities, and afford the opportunity to investors to pick up some.

## VICIOUS TAXATION

An incisive presentation of the case against the increase in the beer duty is presented by the chairman of Mitchells and Butler in a letter to the shareholders. This increase was estimated in the Supplementary Budget to produce £10,000,000 in spite of a further reduction in consumption. The latest monthly returns, however, show a fall of nearly 27 per cent. when compared with the corresponding period of last year and there is every indication that the duty will result in a serious loss to the Exchequer. This loss is not confined to the yield of the duty. The reduction of consumption affects the yield in income tax both from the breweries and from allied industries, agriculture and transport. It seems a glaring case of "killing the goose that lays the golden eggs," and the sooner the position is seriously reviewed by the Government the better. It cannot fail to bring home to the Government that there is a point beyond which excessive taxation defeats its own object. If this lesson is driven home, the case of the beer duty may still prove a blessing in disguise.

## FOR BETTER ACCOUNTS

That the law relating to companies' accounts needs further amendment has been clear to a good many investors ever since the last Act was passed. This view was strengthened by the proceedings in the Kysant case. Parliament and the Government are so fully occupied with more pressing problems, however, that it can scarcely be expected to deal with company law amendment for some time to come. Meantime, with the help of their auditors, shareholders should make the most of their powers under the existing law. It seems somewhat unfortunate that the Council of the Institute of Chartered Accountants, of which nearly all the auditors of public companies are members, should, after a careful consideration and legal advice, have to state that it is not feasible to issue any form of general pronouncement for the guidance of its members on this question. Mr. Henry Morgan, who is president of the Society of Incorporated Accountants and Auditors, continues to urge an amendment of the law, rightly pointing out that a profit and loss account is more important than a balance-sheet because the earning capacity of a company in relation to its capital is the principal factor governing its shares.

TAURUS

Company Meeting.

## CARRERAS LIMITED.

THE Annual General Meeting was held at Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, London, on December 18, 1931.

Sir Louis B. Baron, Bt., the Chairman, who presided, said: You will have noticed that, after writing off all expenses, including a contribution to the Staff Superannuation Fund, and making full provision for depreciations, the nett profit for the year amounts to £736,192, and the amount available for disposal, including the nett amount brought forward, is £1,777,511. This sum your Directors propose to appropriate as set out in the Report, leaving a balance of £1,104,918, to carry forward to next year.

At our last Annual General Meeting I referred to the year which had just closed as a very difficult one. Whilst that was correct, I am sure you will appreciate that the year we have just completed was beset with even greater problems than any that has gone before.

Our Export Markets have been affected, not only by agitations and troublesome conditions, but by another adverse factor which has become very pronounced during the year, namely the barriers against imported tobacco and cigarettes which a number of Governments throughout the world have erected by imposing higher tariffs. In some instances, these have become prohibitive, and have made it impossible for us to compete with the prices charged for local products. As you know, this was one of the factors which compelled us, for the retention of our business in Australia, to buy a controlling interest in an established business out there.

Turning to the home trade, the difficult conditions and intensive competition which I indicated in my speech last year have become still more intensified.

It is pleasant, and I may add, most significant, to be able to record that our brands are holding their own, in spite of the fact that within the last two months the consumption of Tobacco and Cigarettes for the country generally, according to the Board of Trade returns, has shown a steady decline, as compared with last year.

You will be aware that in September last, the Chancellor of the Exchequer increased the duty on Tobacco by 8d. per lb. and we now have to pay 9s. 6d. per lb. for all the tobacco we clear from bond—a very heavy rate indeed. This increase of 8d. per lb., so far as cigarettes are concerned, has been borne entirely by us and other manufacturers; it was in operation for about six weeks of the financial year under review, and has, of course, contributed to the increase of our costs and the reduction of our profits. This extra burden has had to be shouldered by our Company, in common with others, during the current year, and as this, in my opinion, is the limit of taxation which the industry can stand, it is to be hoped that this extra duty will be one of the first to be removed when the finances of the country begin to recover from their present embarrassed state.

Last year I told you of the alliance we had made with the old established business of John Sinclair, Limited, the manufacturers of "Barneys" and other well-known Tobacco mixtures. As I then mentioned, it is felt to be in the best interests of all concerned to devote the profits of that Company for a period to the development and expansion of the business.

This policy of carrying forward any profits made has also been followed in the case of other allied Companies, but your Directors anticipate that in due time considerable benefit will accrue to this Company's Shareholders from the holdings in the other Companies referred to.

With regard to the coming year, you will not expect me to attempt to forecast in any detail the course of events in the immediate future, but in spite of the difficulties which confront the business community, I look forward with hope and optimism.

Your Directors hope, therefore, that by means of concentrated hard work and the spirit of perseverance, Carreras Limited will continue to serve the community as in the past, and achieve prosperity for its Shareholders for many years to come.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

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## Literary

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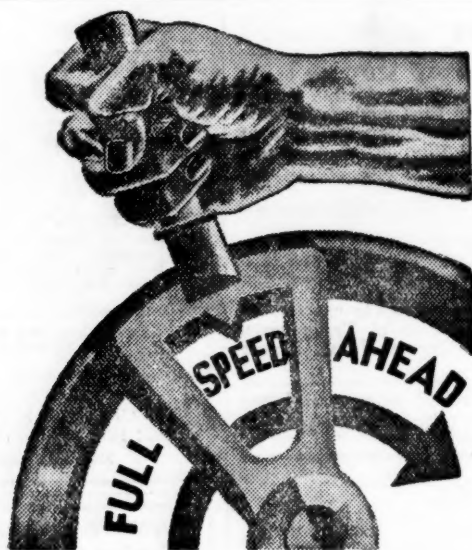
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